FRANCIS MURPHY'S

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE

HYMNAL

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FRANCIS MURPHY'S

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HYMNAL.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.,
Rev. E. S. LORENZ, } *Editors.*

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INTRODUCTION.

When, a few months ago, I was laboring in the city of Washington, I asked my dear brother in the Lord, Rev. Dr. Rankin, the senior editor—who I thought understood my work, and was in full sympathy with it—to prepare a Hymnal for my especial use. He has done so, and here it is. I believe it will be found full of the sweetness and power of the Gospel; and I commend it to all Gospel Temperance workers. In addition to the old prayer-meeting hymns of our fathers, it contains some of the most useful Gospel hymns of our own day. While such pieces as "Safe thro' Judah's Lion," "God bless the Badge of blue," "All hail to the Heroes," "Round the Captain, close up," "There's a better Time a-coming," "There's triumph now in the Air," "Arise! for Christ Arise," "The brave old Ship Zion," "Man's Wrongs, we still will Right them," and other original matter, will be seen to have especial fitness for distinctive Gospel Temperance work. Brethren, we are the ransomed of the Lord. Let us go on our way to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads. Let us proclaim our Great Captain's praises. Sing, people, sing!

Yours in heart,

FRANCIS MURPHY.

Round Lake, N. Y., August, 1878.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Believing that the Gospel Temperance movement is of the Lord, and that in proportion as it succeeds, obstacles to the great consummation intended by His life and death, will be removed, I am thankful for the privilege of having any part in preparing this volume; and of now putting it into the hands of my Christian Brother, the distinguished Temperance Evangelist, to be used by him, and his co-laborers, in their noble work in the Lord.

The thanks of myself, and my gifted associate editor, are especially due to Ira D. Sankey, W. H. Doane, W. F. Sherwin, T. C. O'Kane, W. G. Fischer, Philip Phillips, S. J. Vail, Chas. C. Converse, W. W. Bentley, H. R. Palmer, A. A. Graley, J. W. Bischoff, and Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, for the use of their music. To Mr. Bischoff, I am under especial obligations for his assistance; and his criticism of the music, which bears my own name. It will, of course, be understood that all the original material in this volume, is copyright property, which the authors alone have the right to control.

This book contains the time-honored old prayer-meeting hymns; many Gospel songs already adopted by the Christian Church; not a few new ones, which we believe will be admitted into their company; also such vigorous pieces adapted to the Gospel Temperance movement, as especially to fit it for that work; while it has several new compositions in answer to that yearning which seems to be more and more in the heart of the Church, for the speedy coming of the Lord of Glory. It is sent forth in His name.

J. E. RANKIN.

Washington, D. C., Sept., 1878.

GOSPEL

TEMPERANCE HYMNAL.

No. 1. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

"The Lord will be a refuge in time of trouble."—PSALM 9 : 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

1 { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }

D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

D.S.

Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past:

2 Other refuge have I none.
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh. leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ. art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint.
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me. keep me. pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

COME TO ME.

No. 2. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D.

DUET—Tenderly.

Arr. by J. W. Bischoff.

1. Come to me, come to me, Come to me; I'll give you rest: On the cross with blood I've won you; Take my eas - y yoke up - on you: Come to me; I'll give you rest.
2. Come to me, come to me, Come to me; I'll give you rest; Does life seem for-lorn and dreary? Of its bur-den are you wea - ry? Come to me; I'll give you rest.
3. Come to me, come to me, Come to me; I'll give you rest; Do temptations thicken round you? Do your sins sometimes con- found you? Come to me; I'll give you rest.
4. Come to me, come to me, Come to me; I'll give you rest; I am pure and I am ho - ly; I am meek in heart and low - ly; Come to me; I'll give you rest.
5. Come to me, come to me, Come to me; I'll give you rest; At the last day I will own you, By my side I will en - throne you: Come to me; I'll give you rest.

By permission.

COME TO ME.—Concluded.

Chorus.

On the cross with blood I've won you; Take my eas - y yoke up - on you;

Come to me; I'll give you rest; Come to me; I'll give you rest.

No. 3. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. "For He careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7. E. S. Lorenz.

1. In some way or oth-er, The Lord will provide; It may not be my way, It
2. At some time or oth-er, The Lord will provide; It may not be my time, It
3. Despond then no longer, The Lord will provide; And this be the to-ken—No
4. March on, then right boldly, The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious, With

may not be thy way, And yet in His own way, The Lord will provide.
may not be thy time, And yet in His own time, The Lord will provide.
word He hath spoken, Was ev - er yet bro - ken, The Lord will provide.
shoutings vic-torious, We'll join in the cho - rus, The Lord will provide.

By permission.

I NEED THE PRAYERS OF THOSE I LOVE.

No. 4.

"Prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him."—ACTS 12 : 5.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I need the prayers of those I love! I need the sweet, sweet feeling, That suit for me is urged a - bove, When-e'er dear friends are kneel-ing. A - mid life's cares..... .... I need the prayers..... I need the prayers, need the prayers ..... of those I love ..... A - mid life's cares... ..... I need the prayers..... I need the prayers

A - mid life's cares I need the prayers,

I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love,

A - mid life's cares,

I NEED THE PRAYERS.—Concluded.

need the prayers..... of those I love.....

I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love.

2 Of those I love the prayers I need!
They know my wants and ailings;
They know the way to intercede
For all my faults and failings.
On bended knee,
Remember me,
Of those I love the prayers I need.

3 Of those I love, I need the prayers!
Whene'er God's throne addressing:
'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
'Twill break in show'rs of blessing,
Who love me yet,
O ne'er forget;
Of those I love, I need the prayers!

No. 5. WILL YOU MEET US?

ANON. *Slave Melody.*

1. Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us,

Say, brothers, will you meet us, On Ca-naan's hap - py shore?

2 Say, sisters, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?

3 By the grace of God I'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 That will be a happy meeting
On Canaan's happy shore.

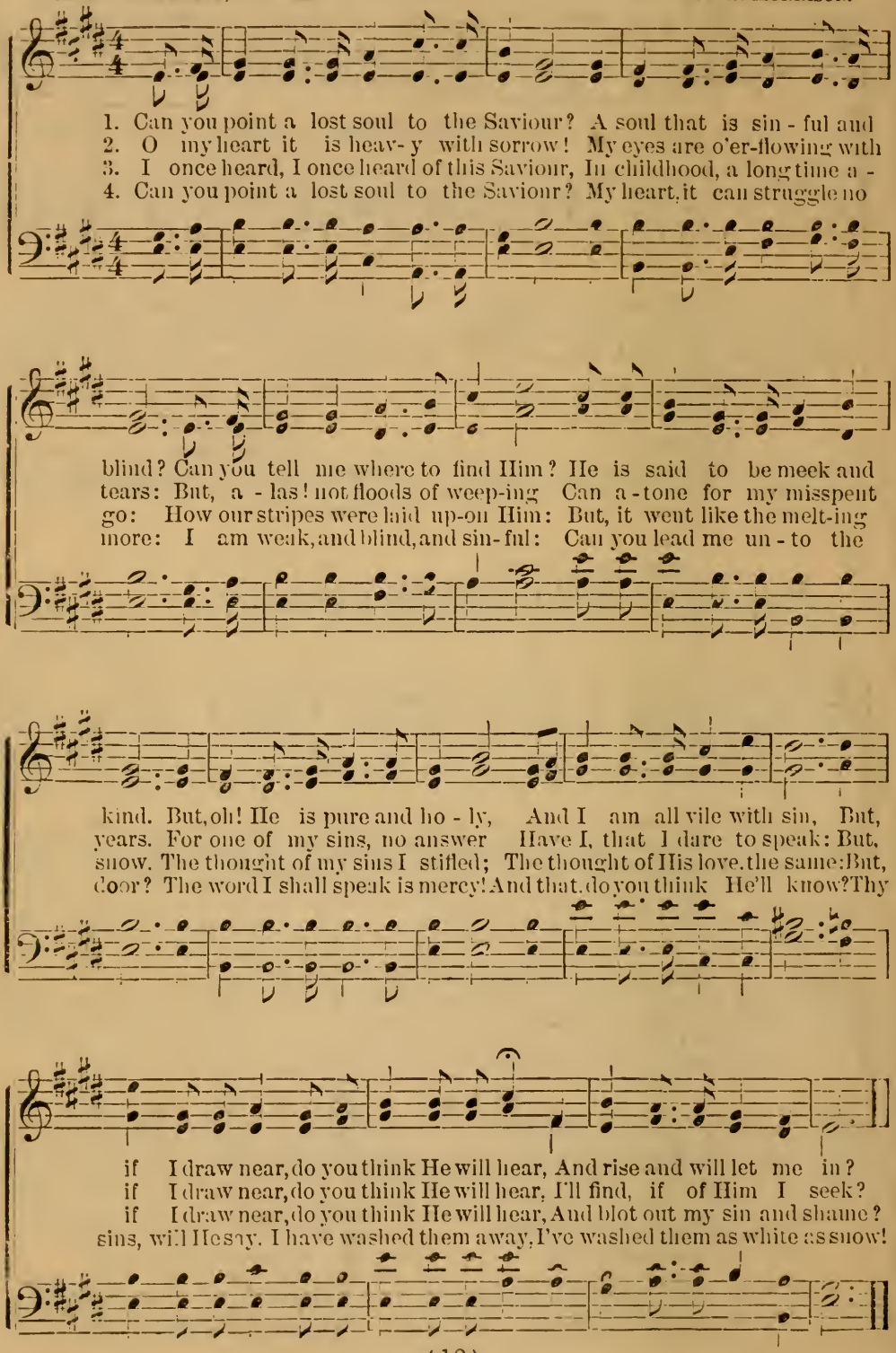
5 Jesus lives and reigns forever
On Canaan's happy shore.

CAN YOU POINT A LOST SOUL TO THE SAVIOUR?

No. 7.

"Behold the Lamb of God."— Jno. 1: 36.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D. Rev. S. Morrison.



ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

No. 8. "He was wounded for our transgressions."—Is. 53 : 5.

I. Watts. 1707. S. J. Vail.

1. A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done? He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ, the migh -ty Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.

Chorus.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me,
for you, for me,

Yes, Je - sus died for all man-kind, Bless God, sal - va - tion's free.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

Cho:—Jesus died for you, &c.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Cho:—Jesus died for you, &c.

By Permission.

"TITLE CLEAR."

No. 9.

"Stand, therefore."—EPH. 12: 14.

Rearranged, with Chorus, by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear. To mansions in the
2. Should earth against my soul en - gage, soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge come, deluge come, Let storms of sor - row
4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul, wea-ry soul, In seas of heav'nly

skies, in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev - ery fear,
hurled, darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage,
fall, sor-row fall, So I but safe - ly reach my home,
rest, heavenly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble roll

Chorus.

And wipe my weep-ing eyes. We will stand the
And face a frowning world. We will stand, stand the storm, It will
My God, my heaven, my all.
A - cross my peace-ful breast.

storm, . . . We will an - chor by - and
not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by - and - by, We will

by, by - and - by, We will stand . . . the
an - chor by - and - by, We will stand, stand the storm, It will

storm, . . . We will an - chor by - and - by, by-and-by.
not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by - and - by, by-and-by.

No. 10. DEPTH OF MERCY.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—PSA. 51: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
{ Can my God His wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sin ners spare? }

Chorus. *Smoothly.* *Repeat pp*

{ God is love, I do believe;
{ He is waiting to forgive, } He is waiting, waiting to for - give.

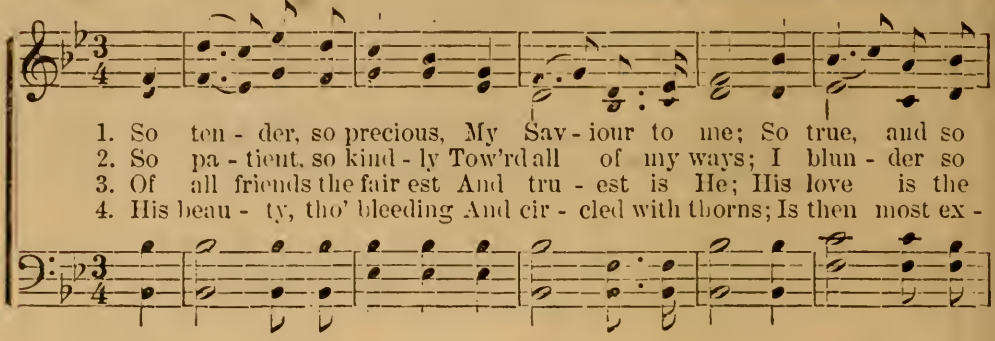
2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not harken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
CHO:—God is love, &c.

3 Now incline me to repent:
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
CHO:— God is love, &c.

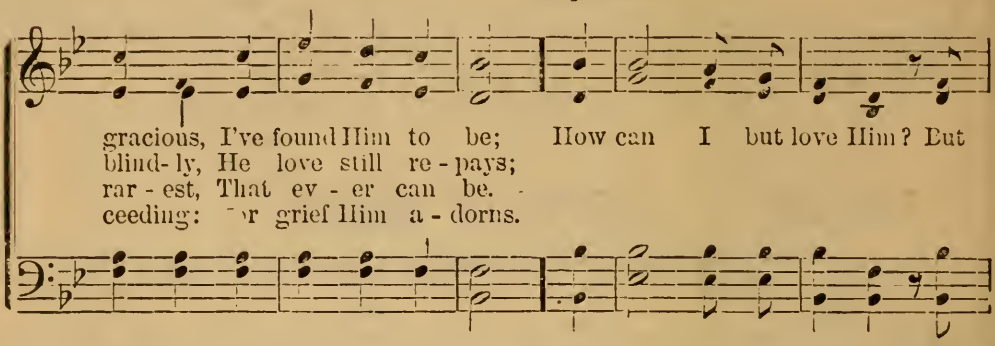
HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM.

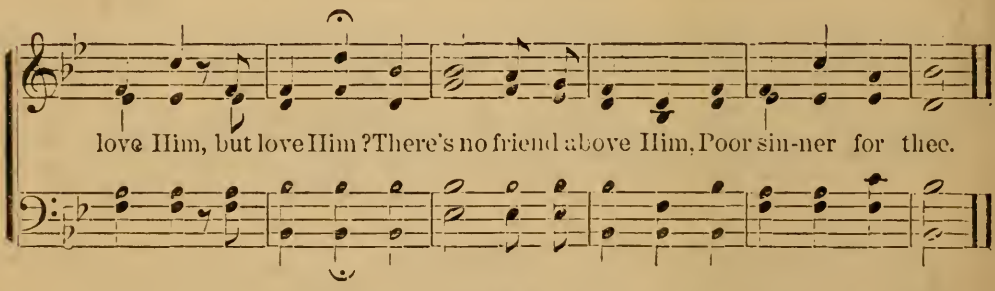
No. 11. "We love Him because He first loved us."—1 Jno. 4: 19.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. Arr. and partly composed by E. S. L.



Refrain.





No. 12. NEARER, MY GOD.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

No. 13. GATHER THE HARVEST IN.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9 : 37.

S. J. G. Arr. from Rev. S. J. GRAHAM.

1. Be-hold! with grain the fields are white, Gather the har - vest in;
2. All ye who love the Mas - ter's cause, Gather the har - vest in;

Now it is day, soon comes the night; Gather the har - vest in.
Seek not to win the world's applause, Gather the har - vest in.

Chorus.

Gather the har - vest in..... Gather the har - vest in .....

Gather the harvest in, Gather the harvest in,

Be-hold! the fields are al - read - y white, Gather the harvest in.

3 Ye noble servants of the Lord,
Gather the harvest in;
And have your sheaves securely stored:
Gather the harvest in.—*Cho.*

4 Then, when God's work on earth is done,
The world redeemed from sin,
Ye all shall shine forth as the sun,
The harvest gathered in.—*Cho.*

WHAT A FRIEND!

No. 14. "He loved them unto the end."—John 12 : 1.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. What a Friend! what a Friend! Je - sus loves us to the end : In our
2. In His side, in His side. Love's sweet resting-place, we hide; Than such
3. Such His love, such His love, Depths beneath, nor heights above, Foes with-
4. There He stands, there He stands, With our names up-on His hands! Dead? ah
5. He for - get! He for - get! Nay, He loves us, loves us yet; For His

sins, His love first sought us; He from heav'n sal - va - tion brought us;
love, there is no great - er, When He stoops, our God, Cre - a - tor,
out, nor foes with - in us, From His hand can ev - er win us;
no, He ev - er liv - eth; Thro' His death, us vic - t'ry giv - eth:
love is love e - ter - nal; Love sup - ply - ing wants di - ur - nal;

Fine.

On the Cross our foes withstood, And re-deemed us with His blood.
Stoops in hu - man form to be, Sac - ri - fice for you and me.
Thro' His sleep-less ten - der care, More than con - quer-ors we are.
World, and flesh, and hell des - pite, We shall walk with Him in white.
Love that still our names will own When He sits up - on His throne.

D.S.—*Loves us till our lat - est breath; Stronger in His love than death.*

Chorus. *D.S.*

Je - sus loves us, Je - sus loves us; How the tho't to rap-ture moves us;

By permission.

No. 15. DRINK NO MORE.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. AIR—"*What a Friend.*"

1 DRINK no more! drink no more!
On thy knee God's help implore.
Bid the tempter get behind thee;
Let no more delusion blind thee.
Rise up in a strength divine,
And the victory shall be thine!

CHORUS.

God will save thee, God will save thee!
Sin no longer shall enslave thee.
He will help thee break the chain:
Mortal never prayed in vain.

2 Sign the pledge! sign the pledge!
Toppling on destruction's edge. [thou,
From thy shameless comrades break
Jesus as thy Master take thou:
He will wash away thy sin;
Crown eternal thou shalt win.

3 Why delay? why delay?
Help will come from God to-day. [thee,
Weeping stand thy dear ones round
Rise! At last has Jesus found thee.
Rise! He takes thee by the hand:
By His grace the weakest stand.

4 Turn not back! turn not back!
Death hangs threat'ning on thy track;
All the way thy God will guide thee;
'Neath His wing in peril hide thee;
Give thee day by day His strength;
Bring thy feet to heav'n at length.

No. 16. ROCK OF AGES.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94 : 22.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776. DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1839.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and power.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed;

2 Not the labor of my hands
Could fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.

No. 17. "He is faithful that promised."—Heb. 10 : 23.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. E. S. Lorenz.

1. I have found re - pose for my wea - ry soul, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior; And a har - bor safe when the bil - lows roll, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the Sav - ior. I will fear no foe in the dead - ly strife, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior; And re - joice in hope, while I live or die, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the Sav - ior. I can smile at grief, and a - bide in pain, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior; Oh, the strength and grace on - ly God can give, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the Sav - ior. Who - so - ev - er will may be saved to - day, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.—Concluded.

Sav - ior; I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trust-ing in the
Sav - ior; And the loss of all shall be high-est gain, Trust-ing in the
Sav - ior; And be - gin to walk in the ho - ly way, Trust-ing in the

Refrain.

prom - ise of the Sav - ior. Rest - ing on His might-y arm for -

ev - er, Nev - er from His lov - ing heart to sev - er, I will rest by

grace In His strong embrace, Trusting in the prom-ise of the Sav-ior.

18. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

7s.

1 Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

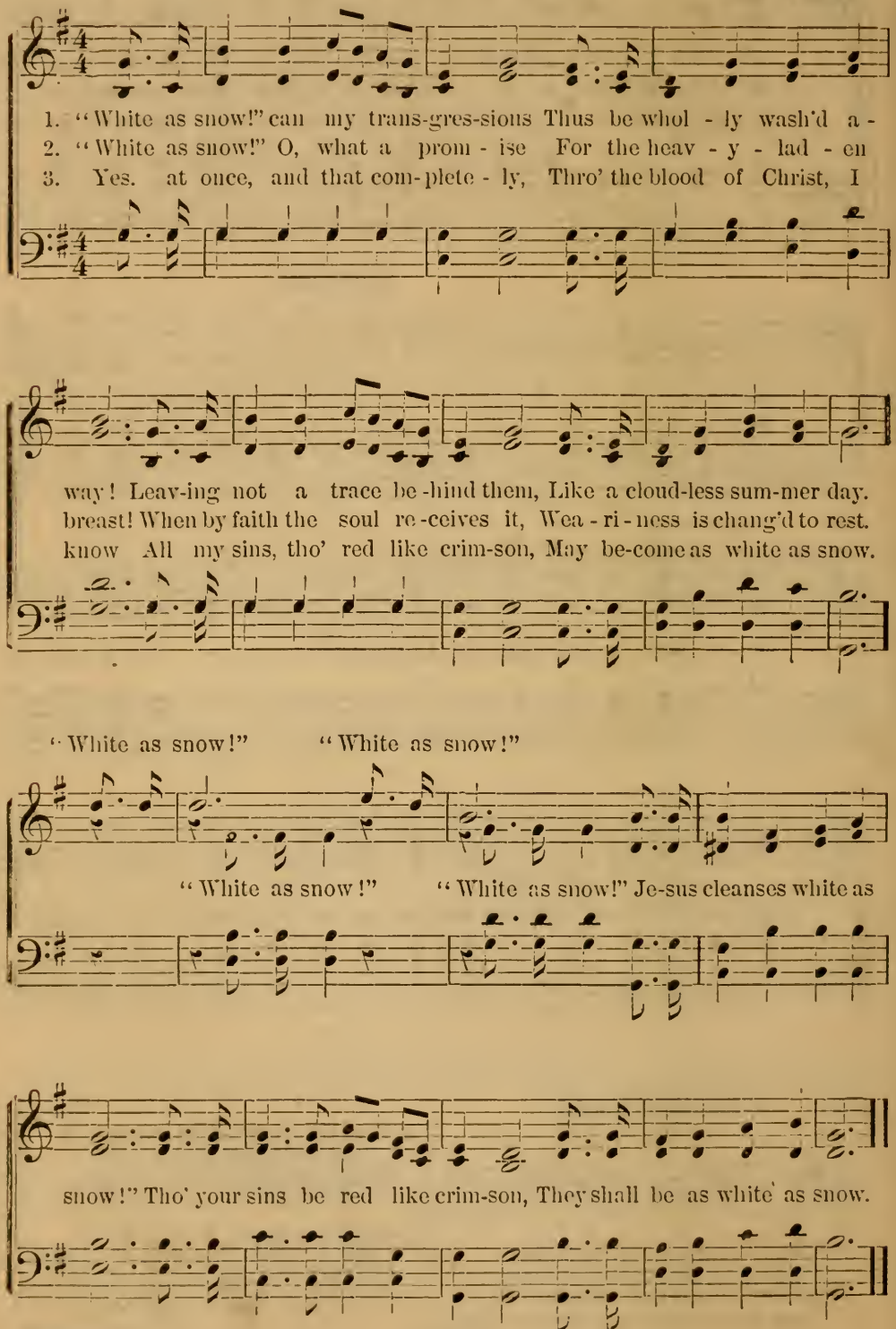
3 He can heal the deepest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him; He is near.

Rev. J. F. Clarke.

WHITE AS SNOW.

No. 19. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. 1: 18.

J. H. Tenney.



By Permission.

No. 20. MY MISSION FIELD.

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—Acts 9 : 6.

T. Corben, D.D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. I have oft sought to know, Where the Lord would have me go; I've sought it up - on my knee. 'Tis my one great care, That He would hear my prayer: I would go, where He lead - eth me. I would go..... where He way: I would go, where He lead - eth me. went: I would go, where He lead - eth me. I would go, where lead - eth me, I would go,.....where He lead - eth me.

2. I am watch - ing to see If He's a - ny work for me: What - ev - er that work may be: O would He but say This is the cho - sen way: I would go, where He lead - eth me. went: I would go, where He lead - eth me. I would go, where He lead-eth me, I would go where He lead-eth me.

3. Glad the sick - le I'd wield, How-so - ev - er rough the field, And bar - ren the soil might be: I should be con - tent If with me, He but

D.S.—'Tis my one great care, That He would hear my

Chorus.

Fine.

prayer: I would go, where He lead - eth me.

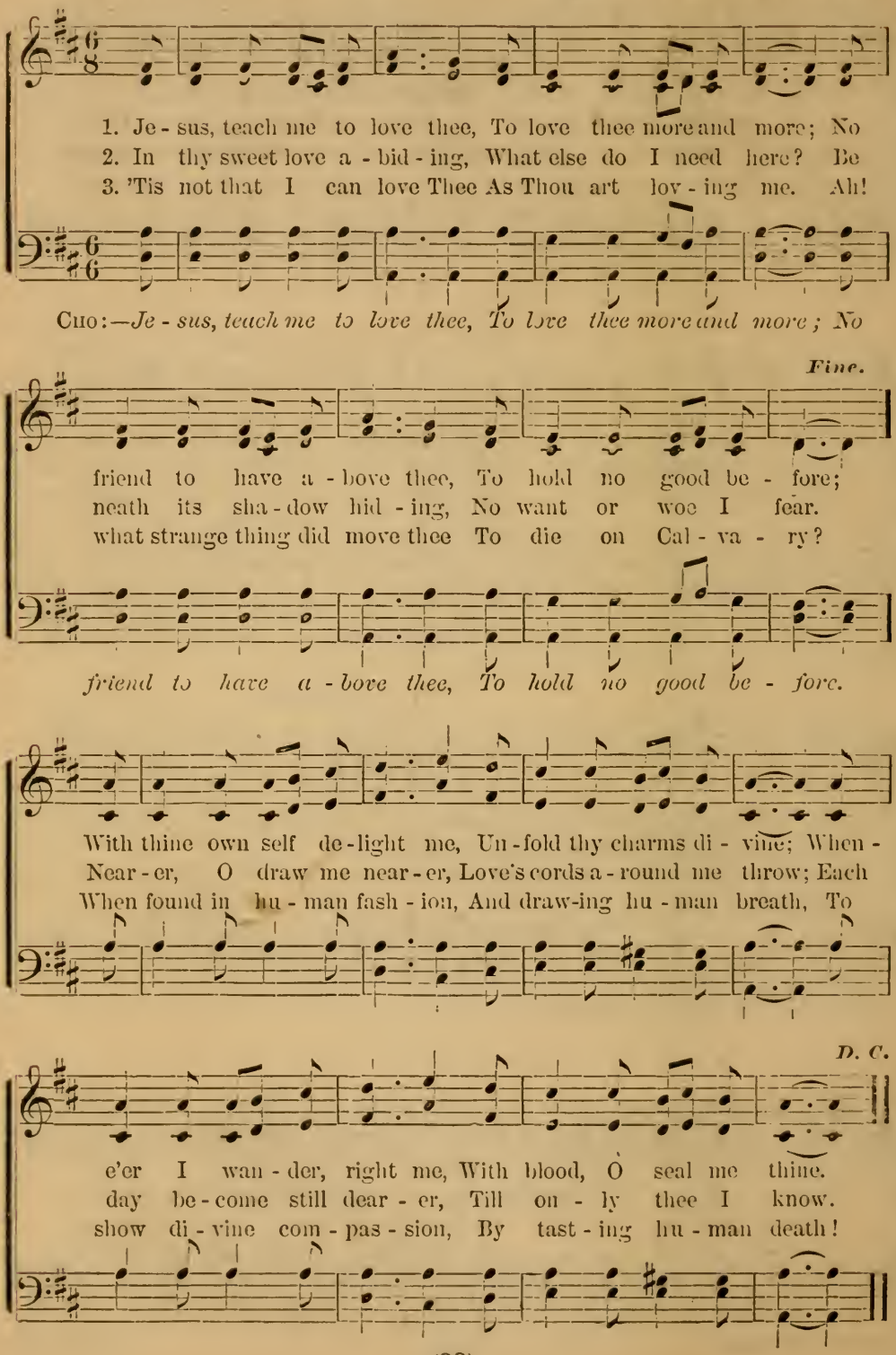
D.S.

Music by permission.

JESUS, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

No. 21. "Not that we loved God, but that He loved us."—1 JOHN. 4: 10.

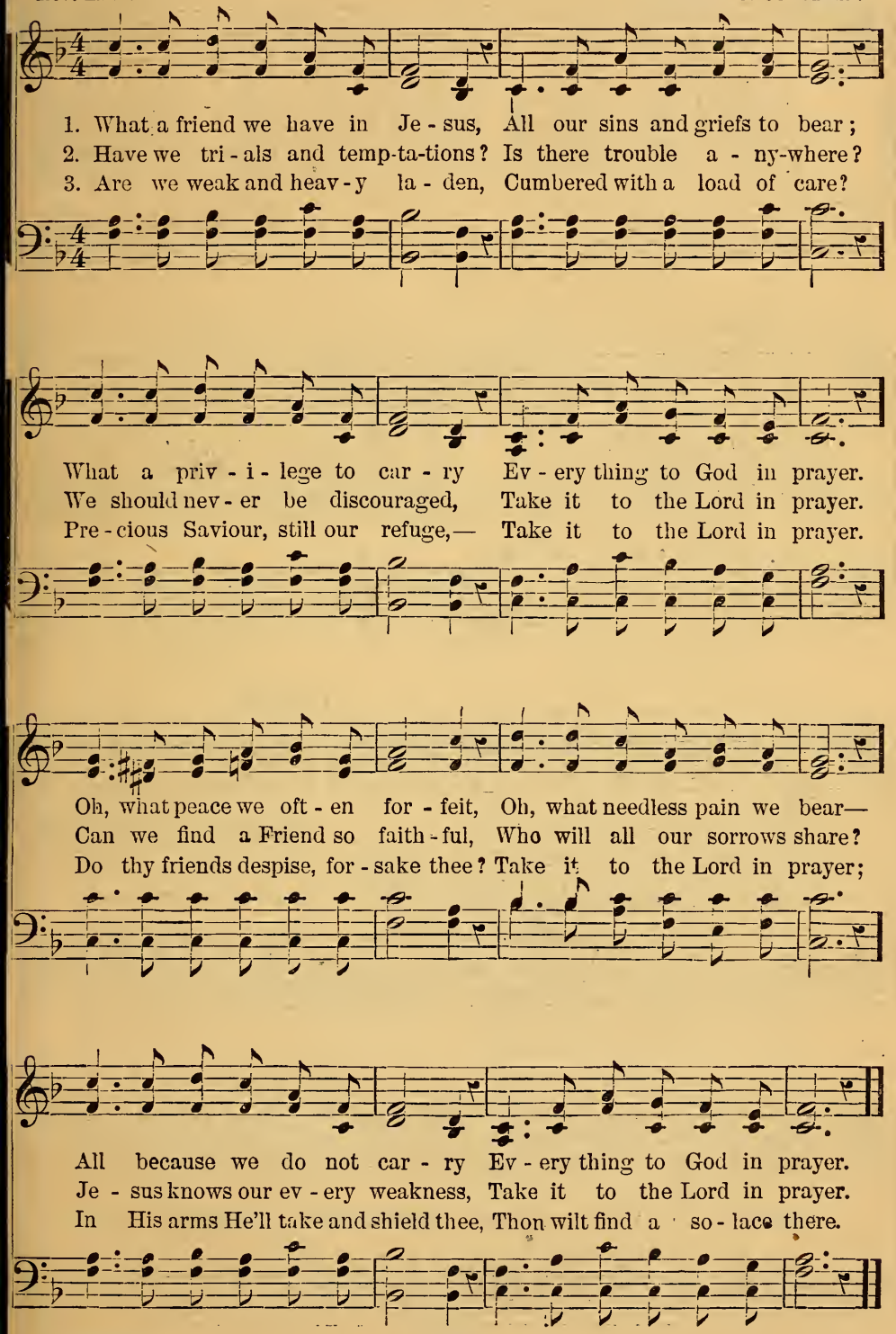
J. E. RANKIN, D. D. LAMBILLOTTE. *Arr.* by E. LORENZ.



WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

No. 22. "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—
PROV. 18 : 24.

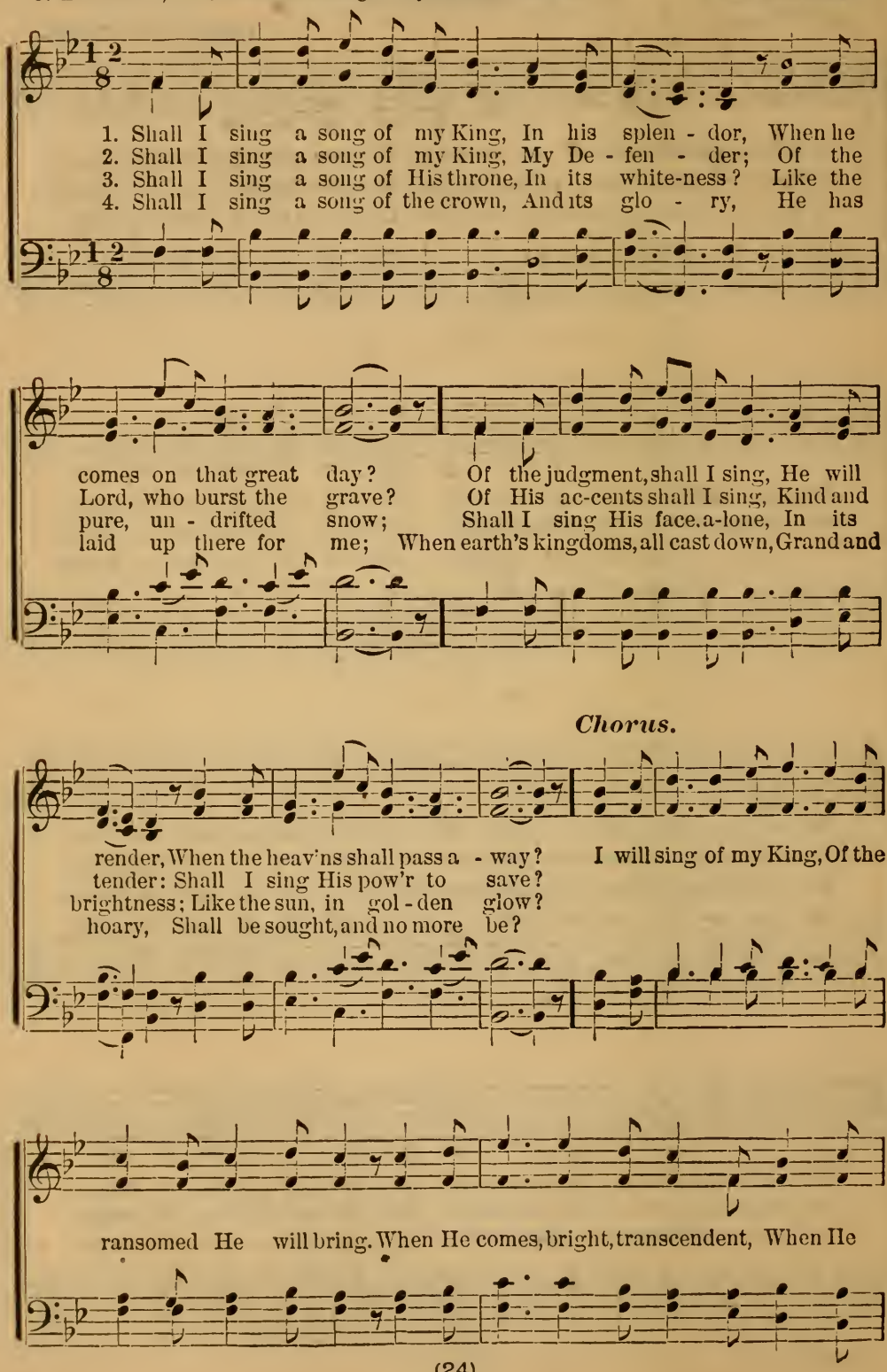
Rev. H. BONAR. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



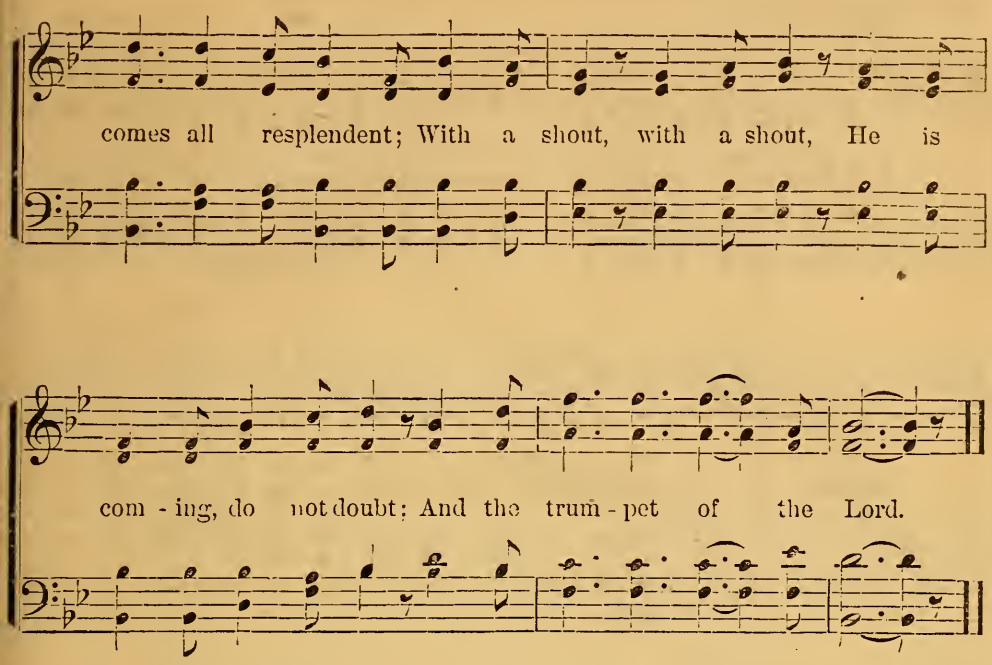
By permission.

No. 23. I WILL SING OF MY KING.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. "A song of my Beloved."—Is. 5: 1. J. W. BISCHOFF.

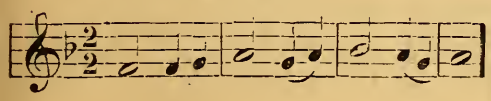


I WILL SING OF MY KING.—Concluded.



24. HAMBURG.

L. M.



1 Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

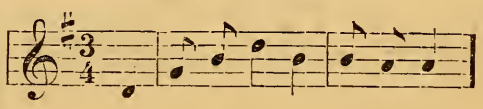
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

25. THE SOLID ROCK.

L. M. 6 lines.



1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

No. 26. "I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSAL. 145: 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above. Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden

Glo-ry Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be-
fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It

cause I know it's true; It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the reason, I tell it now to thee.

Chorus.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

By permission.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—Concluded.

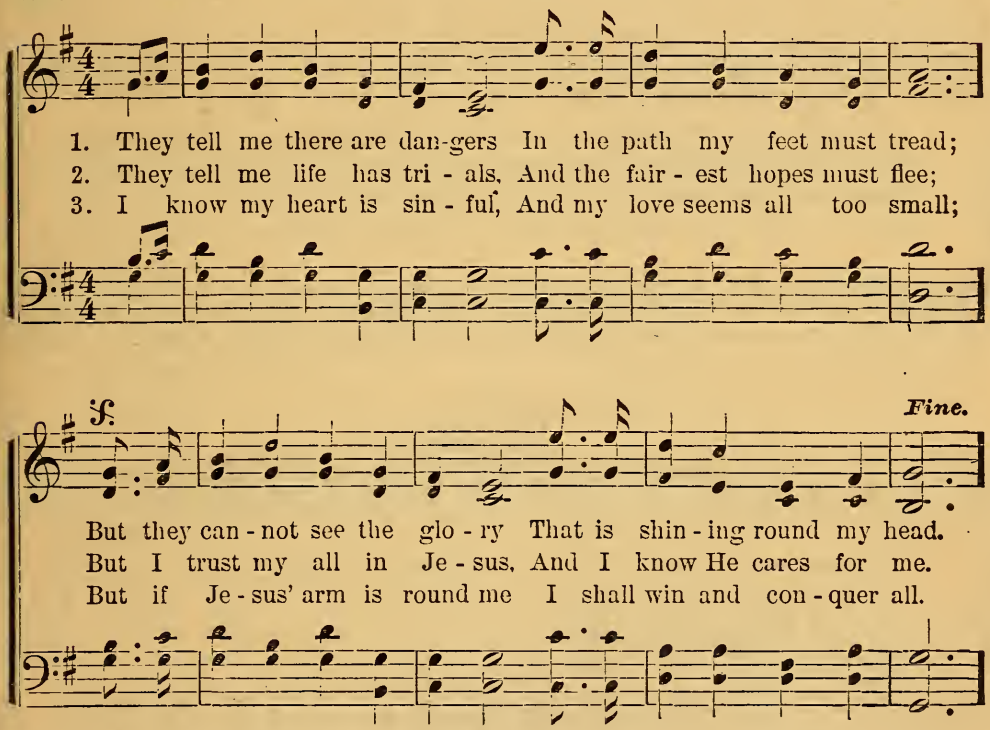
3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

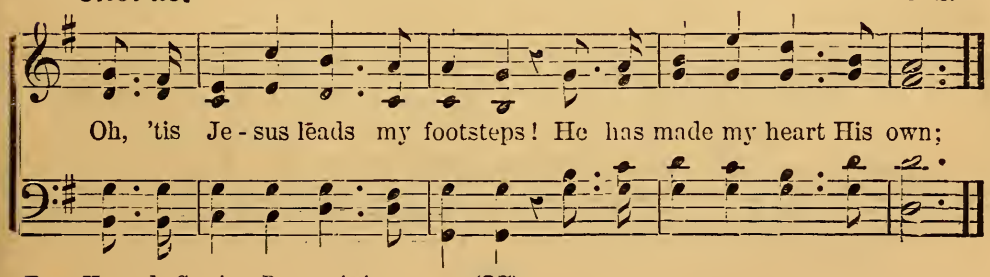
No. 27. THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. 32 : 12.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Rev. C. S. Meily.



Chorus. D.S.



From Heavenly Carols. By permission.

IS IT THERE? WRITTEN THERE?

No. 28. "Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—Rev. 21 : 27.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth, or the
2. I do not ask for a glo-rious name, That is writ-ten high on the
3. I do not ask that my earth-ly life Should be free from burdens, and
4. I'd give up all that I hope be-low, All that time can give, or the

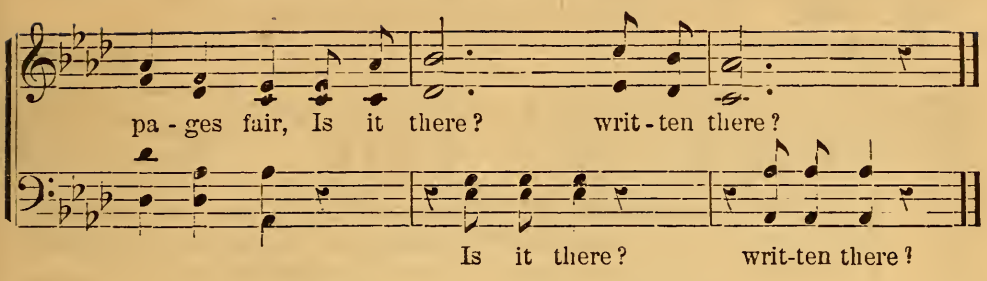
pride of birth; Be this, the rath-er, my one great care: In the Book of
scroll of Fame: Be this, the rath-er, con-cern of mine, To in - sure it
cares and strife: Nor that its cur - rent have tranquil flow, If but this one
world be - stow, If when the Lord in His kingdom come, He will know me

Chorus.

Life, that my name is there. In the Book of Life, on those pa - ges fair,
there, in that Book di - vine.
thing, I may sure - ly know.
then, and will take me home.

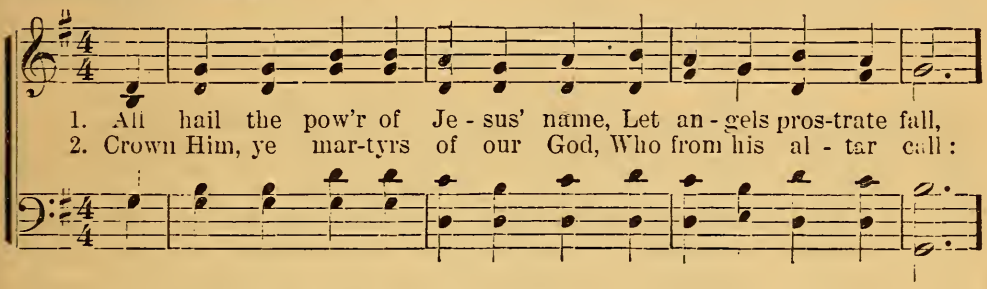
Do the angels see that my name is there? In the Book of Life, on those

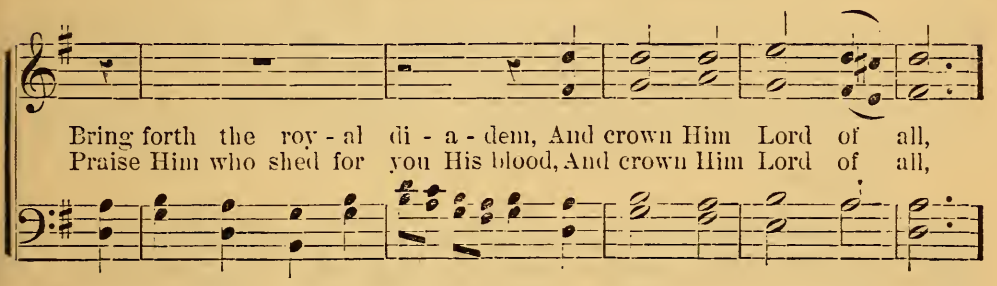
IS IT THERE?—Concluded.

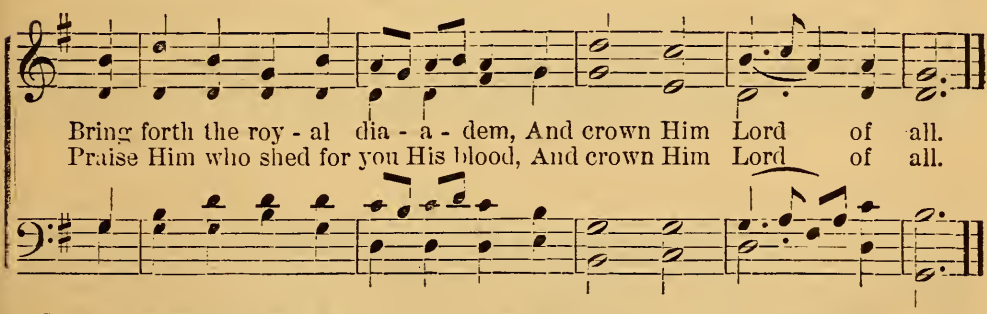


No. 29. CORONATION. C. M.

Rev. Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.







3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinner! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

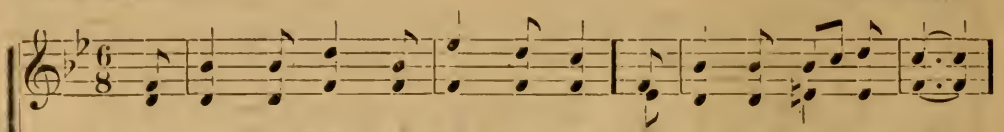
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6. Oh, that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall:
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

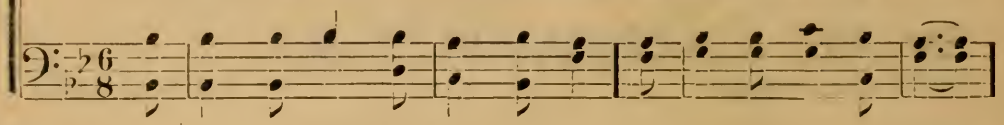
MAN'S WRONGS, WE STILL WILL RIGHT THEM.

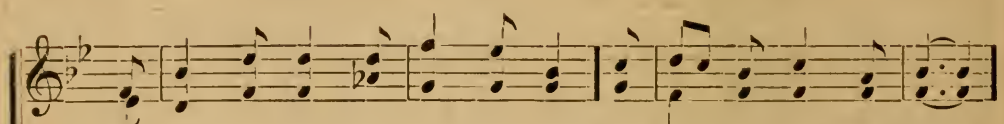
No. 30. "Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?"—2 Cor. 11 : 29.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. J. E. Rankin.

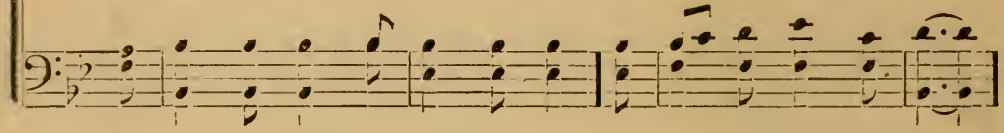


1. We will not faint or fal - ter now, Tho' oth - er toils there are;
2. Mill-ions for this have shed their blood, In eve - ry age al - lied:
3. The sun has seen, on many a field, The flag man loved go down:

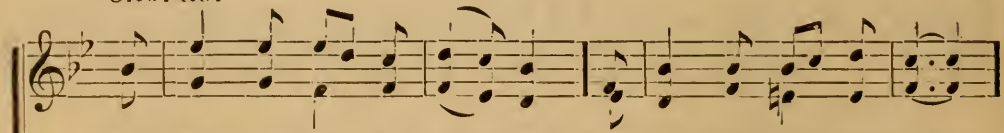




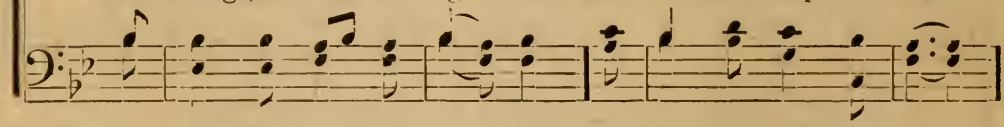
We lift to Heav'n an unblenched brow. And thus we sol - emn swear:
Shall we not keep the cause still good For which the mar - tyrs died?
And yet his cause with blood thus sealed, Has won, at last, the crown.

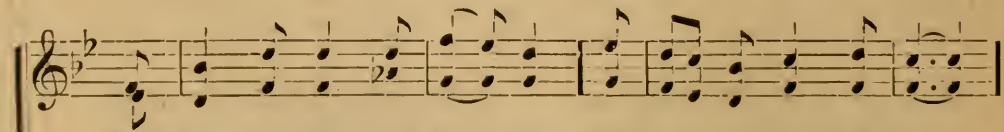


Chorus.

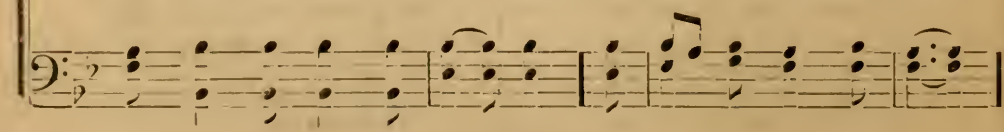


Man's wrongs, we still will right them: Man's bur-dens help him bear:

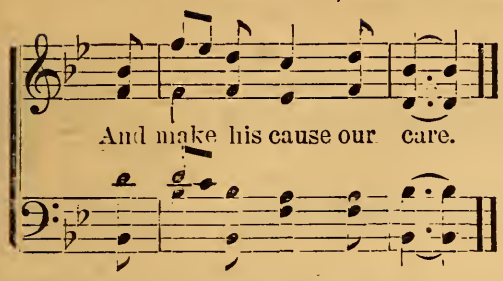




Man's foes, we still will fight them: And make his cause our care:



MAN'S WRONGS, WE STILL WILL RIGHT.—Concluded.



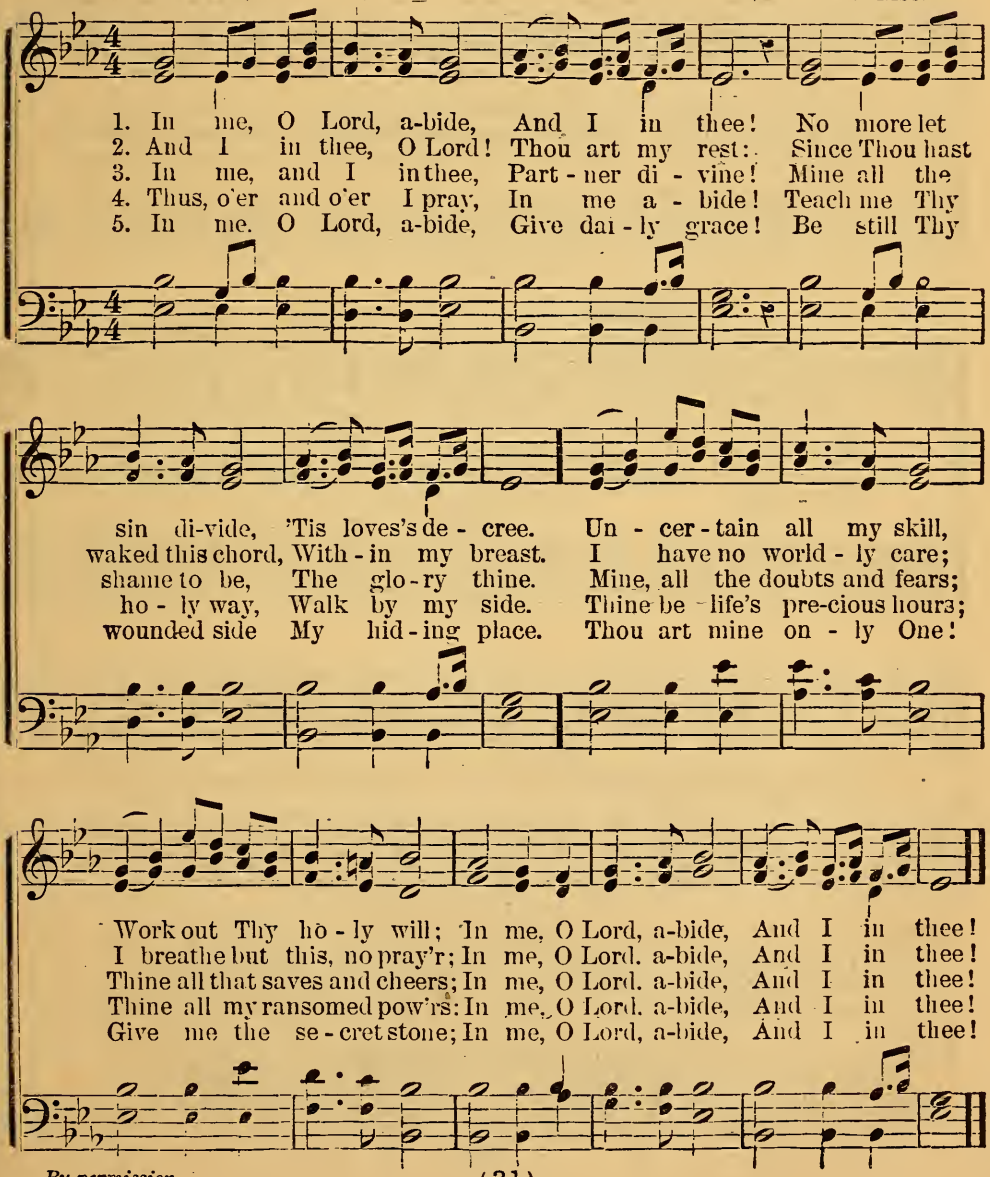
4 When God incarnate, came to earth,
And stooped to lift the race:
He wrote in blood, man's native worth,
And died, to make him place.

5 So long as God shall give us life,
Fresh toils we will not spare:
Whate'er the field, the same the strife,
The same the vow we swear.

IN ME, O LORD ABIDE.

No. 31. "Abide in me, and I in thee."—Jno. 15: 4.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D. Rev. S. Morrison.

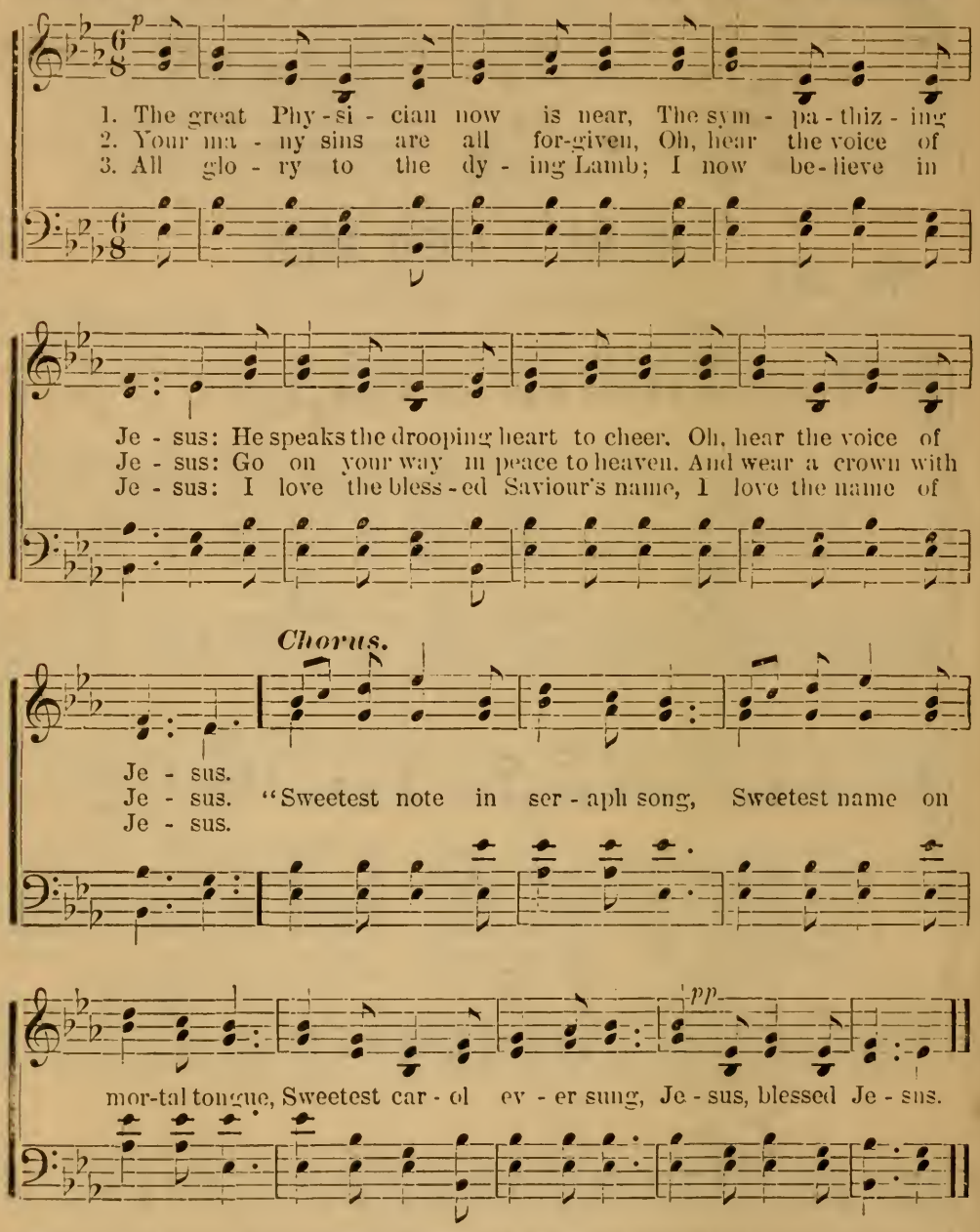


By permission.

No. 32. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—Jer. 8 : 22.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.



4 "The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus."—Cho.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus:
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.—Cho.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.—Cho.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.—Cho.

No. 33. I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—PSA. 55 : 17.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear. lov-ing Saviour tho'
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
3. I have a robe : 'tis re-splendent in whiteness, A-wait- ing in glo - ry my

earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me, And
bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en, But
won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re- ceive it all shin-ing in brightness, Dear

Chorus.

f

oh that my Saviour were your Saviour too!
oh that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am praying, For
friend, could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!

p *f* *pp* *rall.*

you I am pray-ing, For you I am praying, I'm pray- ing for you.

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!—CHO.

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory.
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!—CHO.

permission.

THERE'S A BETTER TIME A-COMING.

Words and Music by
J. E. Rankin, D.D.

No. 34.

Arr. by J. W. Bischoff.

1–5. There's a bet - ter time, a - coming, By and by, by and by;

1. You can catch the glo - ry breaking In the sky, in the sky. Kind the
2. You can catch the glo - ry breaking In the sky, in the sky. Men no,
3. You can catch the glo - ry breaking In the sky, in the sky. All men's
4. You can catch the glo - ry breaking In the sky, in the sky. We'll be
5. You can catch the glo - ry breaking In the sky, in the sky. With the

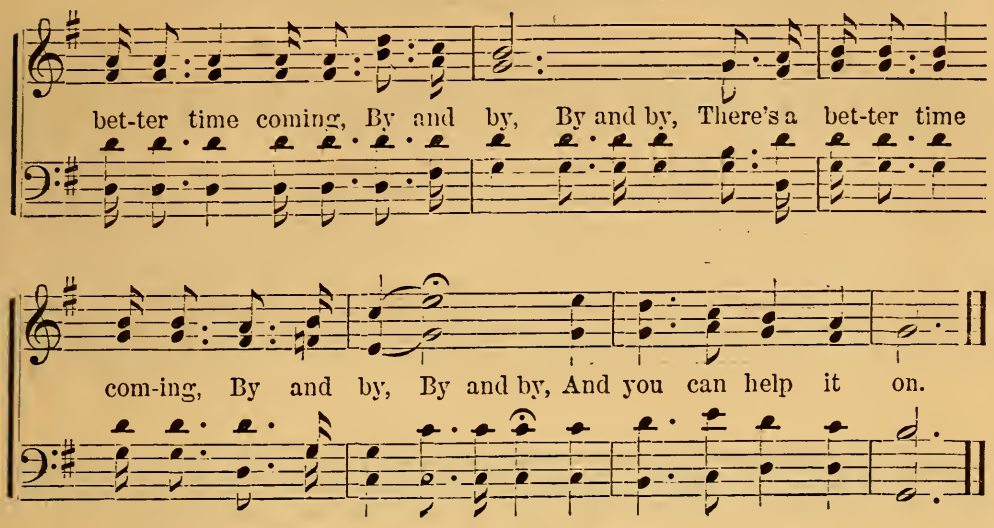
words which shall be spoken; Lov-ing hearts no more be broken; And the
more will tempt each oth-er; Sin - ful passions, they will smother; Broth-er
wrongs, then, love shall right them, All men's battles, love shall fight them. All men's
true! we here declare it! We'll be loy - al! now we swear it! What is
Lord to go be-fore us, With His ban - ner float - ing o'er us, Loud we

Cross shall be the to - ken, Of the bet - ter time a - com-ing.
then, be true to brother, In the bet - ter time a - com-ing.
foes, we'll win de-spite them, In the bet - ter time a - com-ing.
need - ful, do or dare it, For the bet - ter time a - com ing.
shout, we shout the cho-rus, Of the bet - ter time a - com-ing.

Chorus.

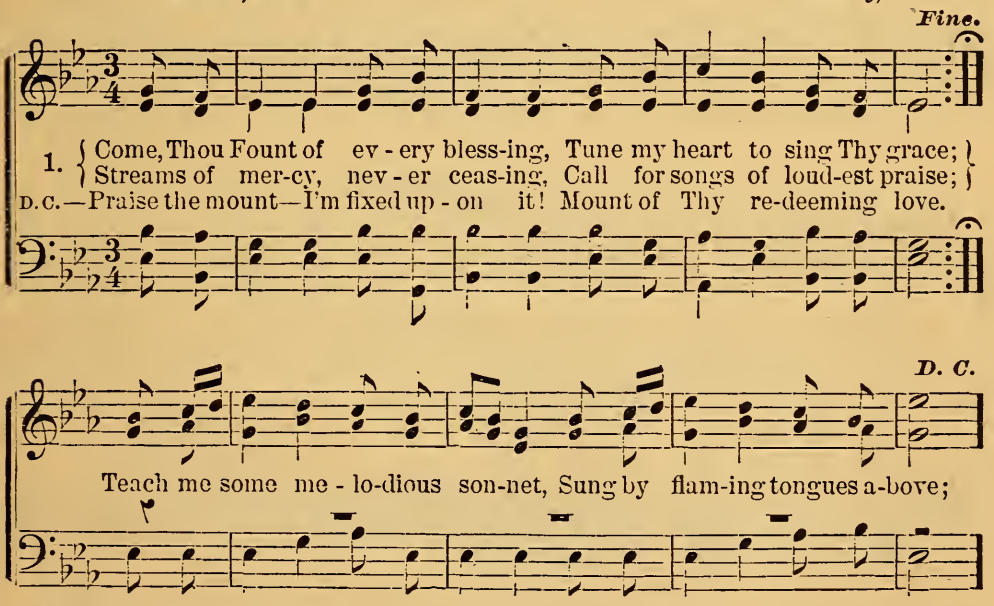
There's a bet - ter time coming By and by, By and by, There's a

THERE'S A BETTER TIME A-COMING.—Concluded.



No. 35. NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1758. *Old Melody*, 1812.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come:
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

SHALL WE FIND THEM AT THE PORTALS?

No. 36. "I shall go to him."—2 Sam, 12 : 16.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Will they meet us, cheer and greet us, Those we've lov'd, who've gone be-fore?
2. Hearts are brok-en, for some tok - en, That they live and love us yet;
3. And we of - ten, as days sof - ten, And comes out the even-ing star,
4. Past yon por - tals, our im-mor - tals, Those who walk with Him in white:

f.

Shall we find them at the por - tals, Find our beau-ti - fied im - mor-tals,
And we ask, "Can those who've left us, Of love's look and tone be - reft us,
Looking westward, sit and won-der, Whether, when so far a - sun-der,
Do they, 'mid their bliss, re - call us? Know they what events be - fall us?

D.S.—*We shall find them at the portals, Find our beau-ti - fied im-mor-tals,*

Chorus.

Fine.

When we reach that ra-diant shore? They will meet us, cheer and
Tho' in Heav'n, can they for - get?"
They still think how dear they are?
Will our com - ing wake de - light? They will meet us,

When we reach that ra-diant shore.

D.S.

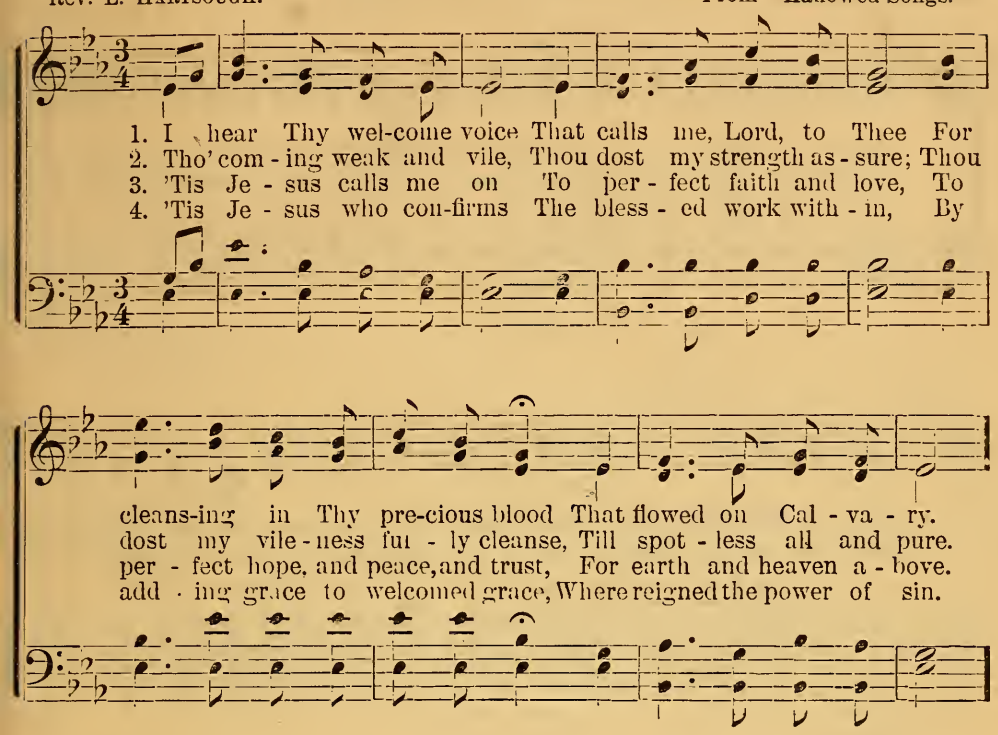
greet us, Those we've lov'd, who've gone be - fore;

cheer and greet us, be-fore;

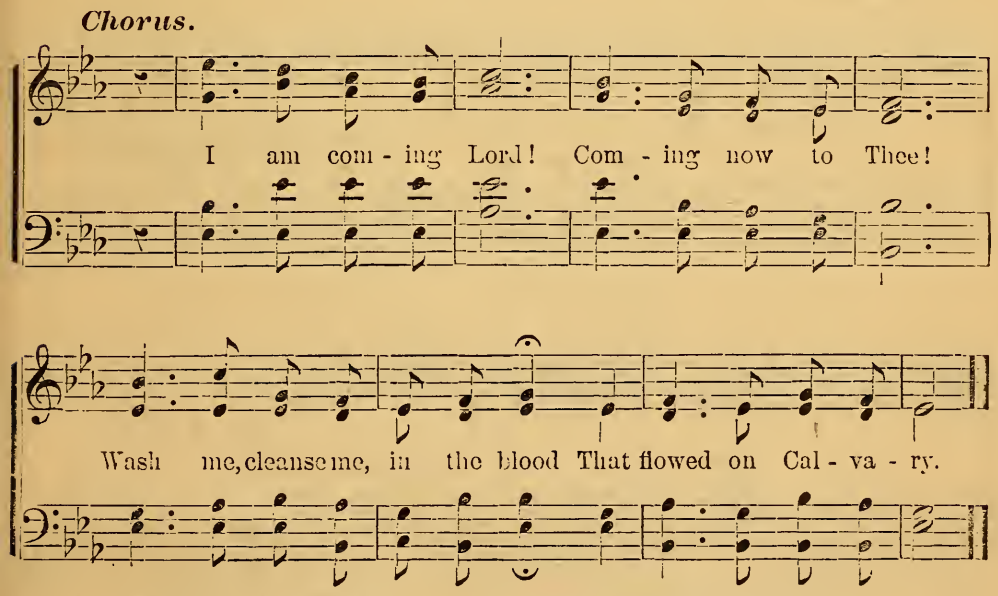
No. 37. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. From "Hallowed Songs."



Chorus.



5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

By permission.

No. 38. AS I AM, O JESUS, TAKE ME.

"Wilt thou be made whole?"—JOHN 5 : 6.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. J. E. RANKIN.

1. As I am, O Je - sus, take me, Wea-ry, rest - less, sad and lone;
2. As I am, sin - ful and lone - ly, As I am, burdened with woe;

From all sin, wean me, or break me; In my heart, set up thy throne.
Take me, Je - sus! take me on - ly: Else I'm lost, sure thou dost know.

Chorus.

Je - sus, Sav - iour, take, O take me, Je - sus, bleed-ing, dy-ing Lamb!

Je - sus, Saviour, take, O take me: Take me, take me as I am.

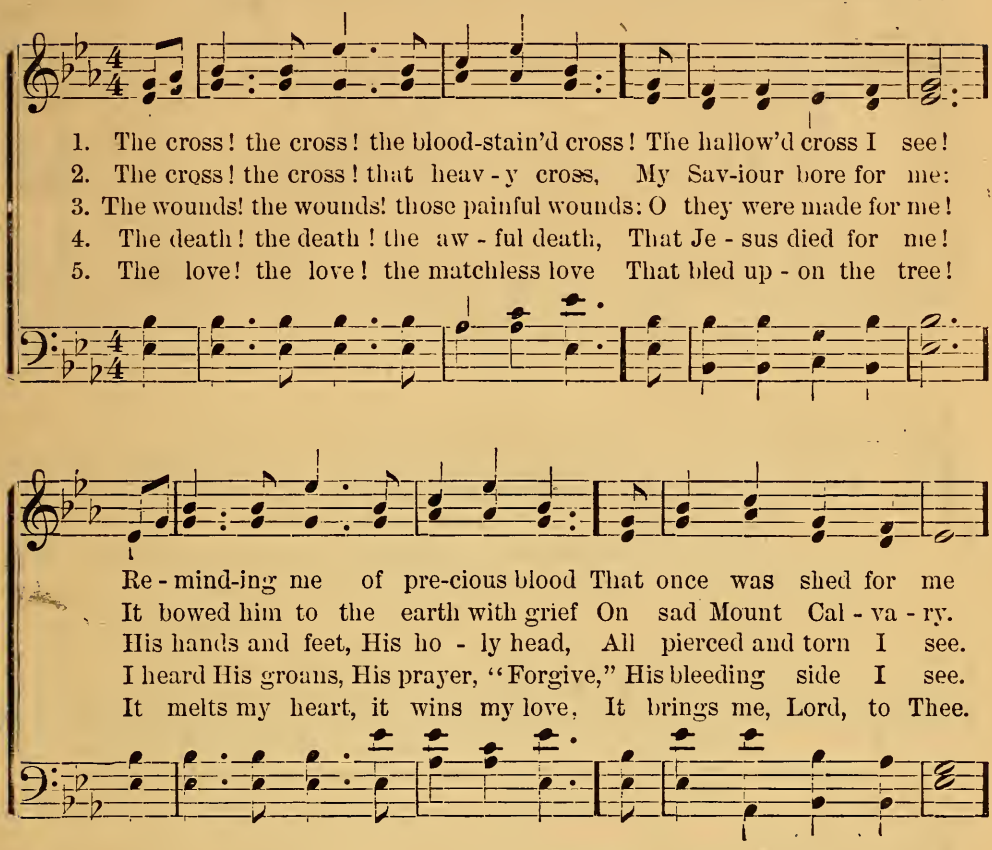
3 All my sins, I'm deeply hating:
All I am, all I have been:
At Thy cross am humbly waiting
In Thy blood to make me clean.

4 As I am, O Jesus, take me,
In my sorrow and my guilt:
Never leave me, nor forsake me:
Make me, make me, what thou wilt.

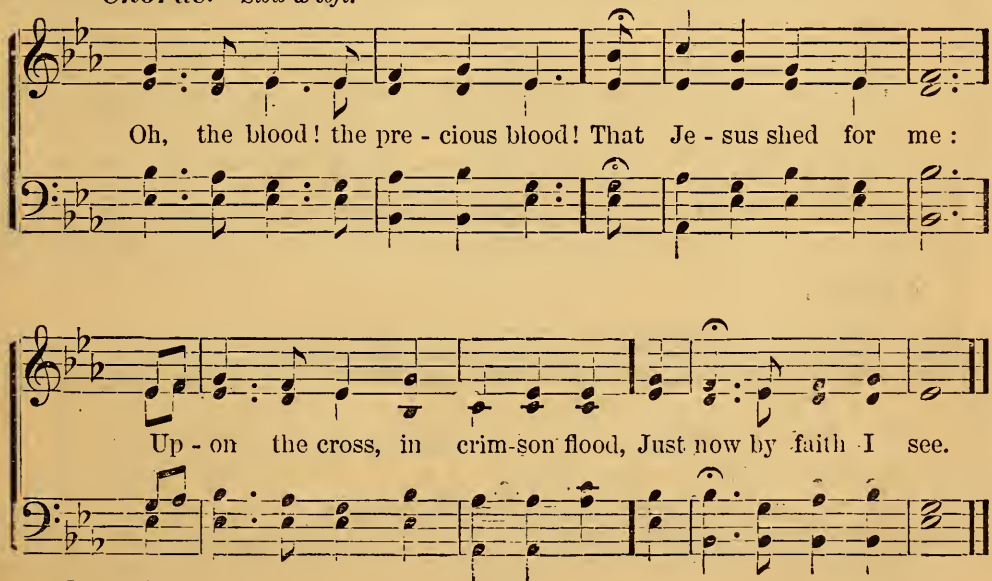
No. 39. THE CROSS. 8s & 6s.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John, 1 : 7.

J. H. Stockton.



Chorus. *Slow & soft.*



By Permission.

No. 40. THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—PSALMS, 27: 1.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON. Music by J. W. BISCHOFF.

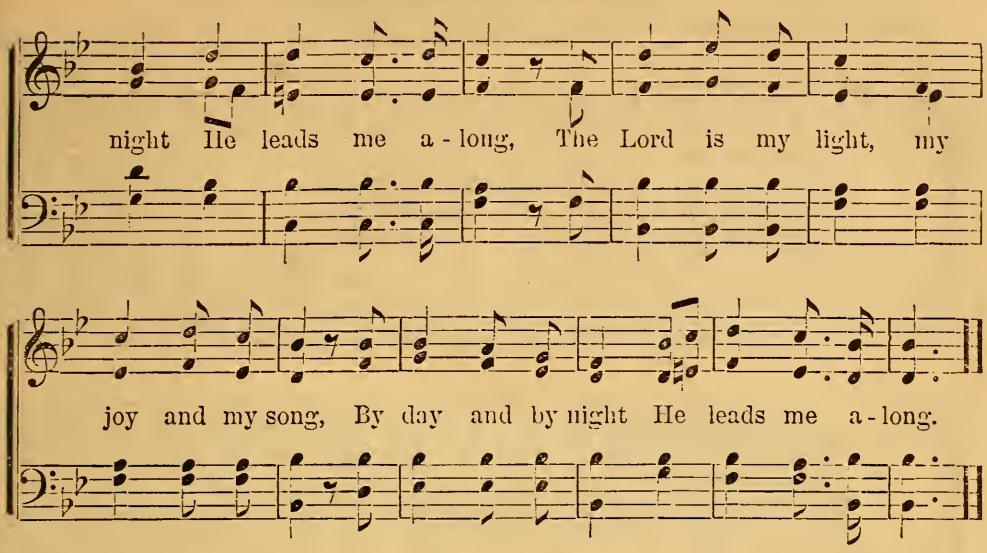
1. The Lord is my light, then why should I fear? By day and by night His presence is near; He is my sal - va - tion from sor - row and sin; This blessed per - sua-sion the Spir - it brings in.
2. The Lord is my light, though clouds may a - rise; Faith stronger than sight looks up to the skies; When Je - sus for ev - er in glo - ry doth reign, Then how can I ev - er in darkness re-main?
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength: I know in His might I'll con-quer at length; My weakness in mer - cy He cov - ers with power. And walk-ing by faith He.... saves me each hour.
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His sight no darkness at all; He is my Re-deem - er, my Sav - iour and King; With saints and with an - gels His prais- es I sing.

Chorus.

The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by

By permission.

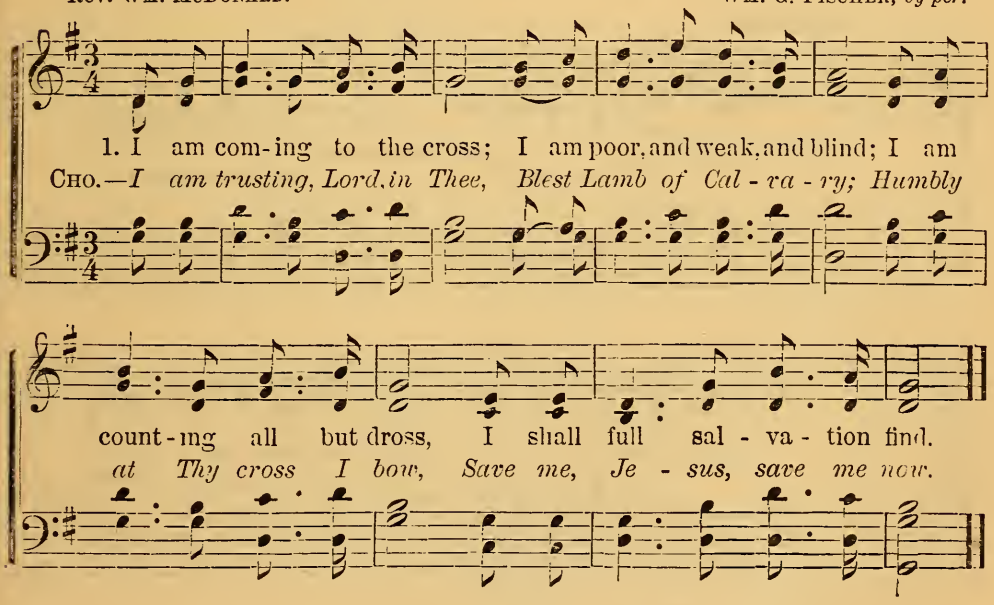
THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.—Concluded.



No. 41. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

Rev. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER, *by per.*



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin.—CHO.

3 Here I give my all to Thee.
Friends, and time, and earthly store:
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.—CHO.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust.
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am:
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—CHO.

No. 42. ART THOU READY?

J. W. Slaughenhaupt. "Art thou ready?"—Matt. 24 : 44. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Soon the eve - ning sha-dows fall - ing Close the day of mor - tal life:
2. Soon the aw - ful trum-pet sound-ing Calls thee to the judgment throne:
3. Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read - y — read - y now?
4. Priceless love and free sal - va - tion Free - ly still are of - fered thee:

Soon the hand of death ap - pal - ling Draws thee from its wea - ry strife.
Now pre - pare, for love a-bound-ing Yet has left thee not a-lone.
Read - y, should Death's i - cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?
Yield no long - er to temp - ta - tion, But from sin and sor - row-flee.

Chorus.

Art thou rea-dy?.... art thou rea-dy?.... 'Tis the
Art thou ready? art thou ready?

Spir - it call - ing, why de - lay? Art thou rea - dy?....
Art thou rea - dy?

Art thou rea-dy?.... Do not lin - ger long-er, come to-day.
Art thou read-y?

By permission.

No. 43. SWEET BY-AND-BY.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35 : 10.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling place there.
2. We shall sing on that beauti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. In the sweet by - and- by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore,
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa- ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hal - low our days. In the sweet by-and-by, In the sweet by - and by-and-by by-and-by, by - and by. We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. by, by - and- by.

Chorus.

By permission O. Ditson & Co.

No. 44. ONLY IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

"If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."—Jno. 14: 14.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. There is peace on - ly in His name, On - ly in the name of Je - sus;
2. There is strength only in His name, On - ly in the name of Je - sus;

And that peace, wretched souls may claim. On - ly in the name of Je - sus!
And man can his wild passions tame, On - ly in the name of Je - sus.

Chorus.

Name of Je - sus, Name of Je - sus! When you pray, O pray in His name, Go to God with ev - 'ry care: Tell it to Him in your pray'r, On-ly in the name of Je- sus.

3 Tell to God, what your sins have been,
Only in the name of Jesus:
He can make you all pure within,
Only in the name of Jesus.

4 Tell to God what your weakness is.
Only in the name of Jesus:
He is strong, and to help is His,
Only in the name of Jesus.

No. 45. THE HOME OVER THERE.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55 : 6.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light. Where the
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the

over there,

saints, all im-mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, over there.
songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God, over there.

Refrain.

O-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home over there, Over
O-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there, Over

over there, over there, over there,

there, o-ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
there, o-ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.

o-ver there,

3.

My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4.

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

By permission Philip Phillips.

No. 46. SAVED BY THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"Which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."—Heb. 12: 24.

MAUD. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Saved by the blood of Je - sus, Bro - ken the bonds of sin;
2. Help - less and lone I wandered, Hope came to cheer no more;
3. Sing all ye saints in glo - ry, Sing ye redeemed be - low;

Freed from the foes with - out us, Freed from the fears with - in:
Dark - ness was all a - round me, Crush - ing the load I bore;
Tell, tell the old, glad sto - ry, Sweet - est that earth can know.

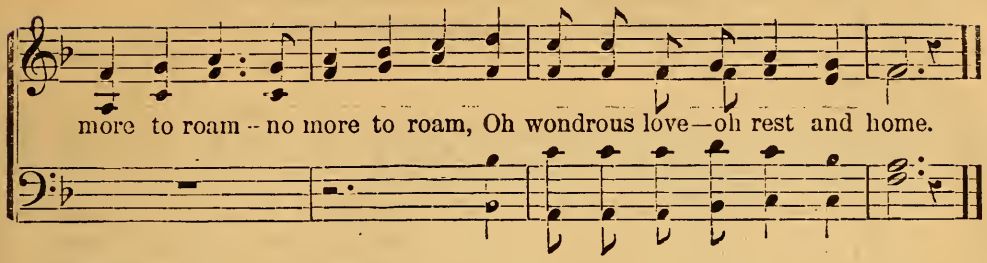
Oh what a sweet sur - ren - der— Loss that is on - ly gain;
Then gave I all to Je - sus, Sor - row, and sin and shame;
Tell of His wondrous pit - y, Tell how He lived and died--

Oh what a bright glad dawn - ing, Af - ter sin's night of pain.
Faith - ful and true and ten - der, Quick to my help He came.
Je - sus the earth-born Sa - viour, Je - sus the cru - ci - fied.

Chorus.

Saved by the blood of Je - sus, Bound by the love that frees us, No

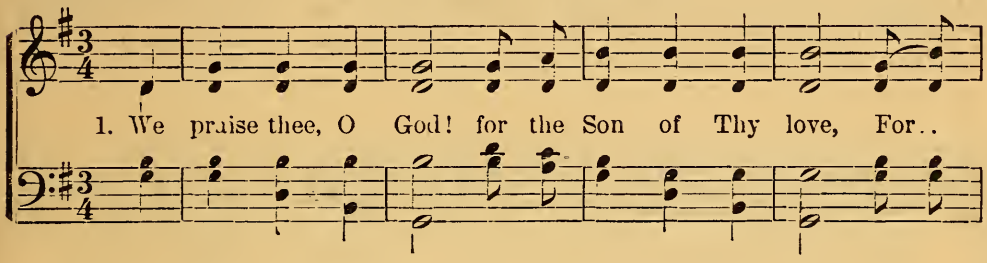
SAVED BY THE BLOOD.—Concluded.



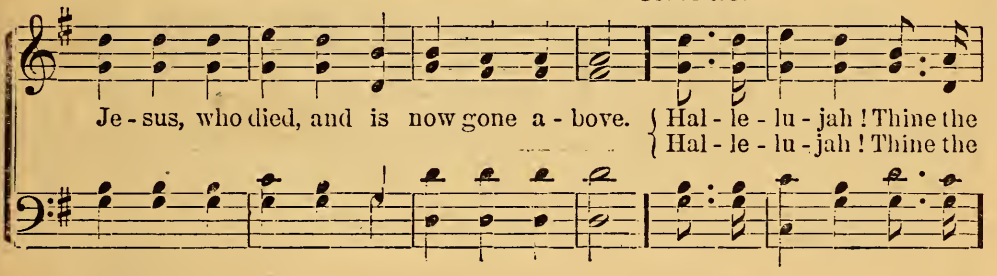
WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

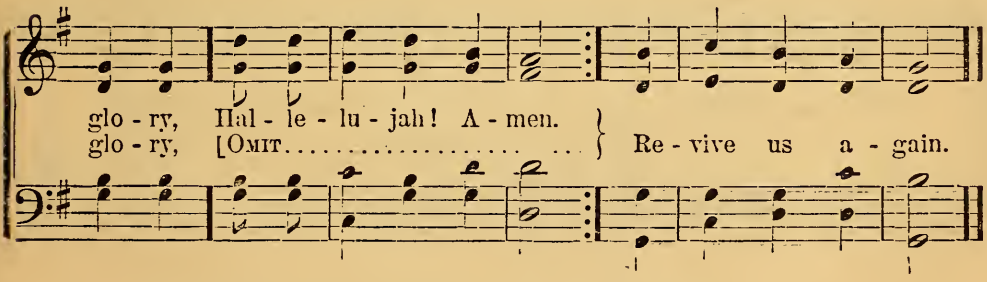
No. 47.

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.



Chorus.





2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

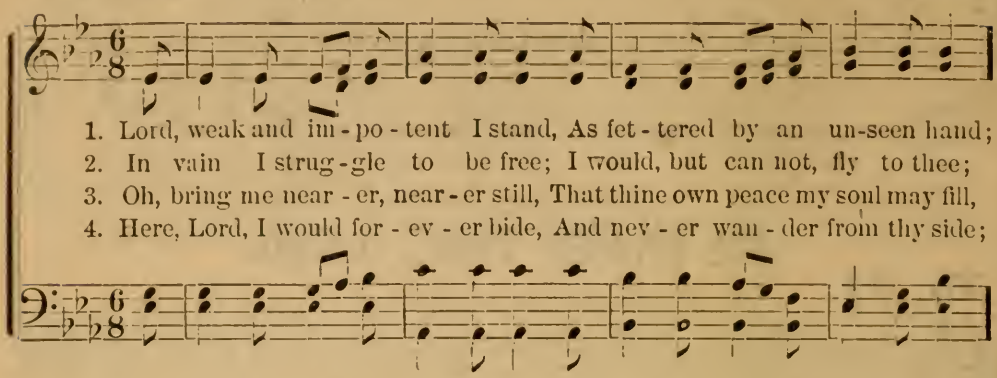
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love,
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

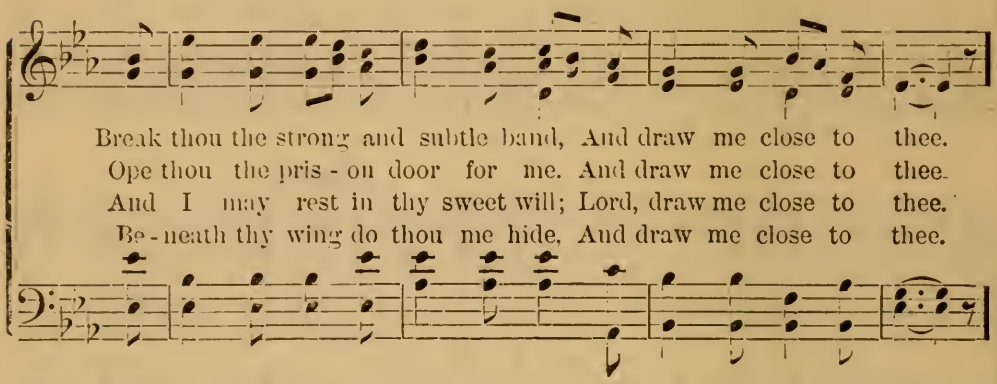
No. 48. DRAW ME TO THEE.

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shalt approach unto me."—JER. 30 : 21.

M. A. W. COOK. E. S. LORENZ.

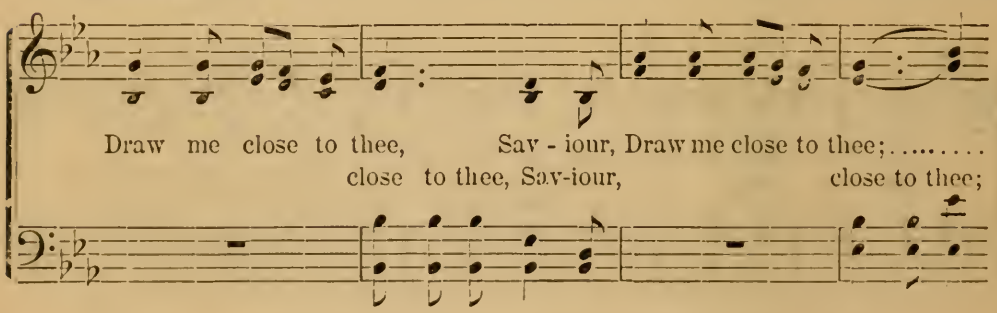


1. Lord, weak and im - po - tent I stand, As fet - tered by an un-seen hand;
2. In vain I strug - gle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee;
3. Oh, bring me near - er, near - er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,
4. Here, Lord, I would for - ev - er bide, And nev - er wan - der from thy side;

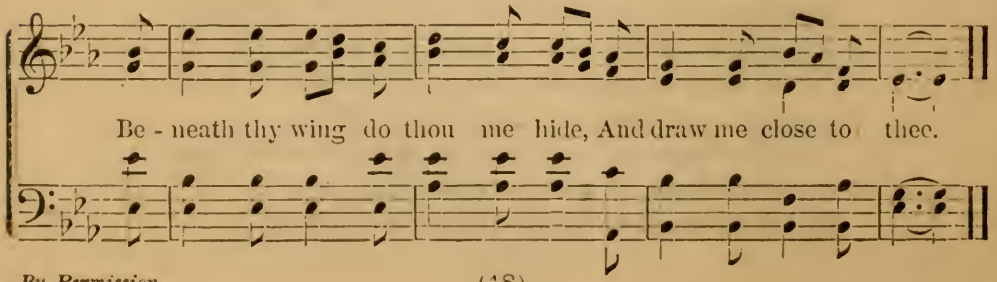


Break thou the strong and subtle band, And draw me close to thee.
Ope thou the pris - on door for me. And draw me close to thee.
And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

Chorus.



Draw me close to thee, Sav - iour, Draw me close to thee;.....
close to thee, Sav-iour, close to thee;



Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

By Permission.

IN THE GLORY OF THE FATHER.

No. 49. "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch."—MARK 13 : 37.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D — W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. In the glo - ry of the Fa - ther, Lo! the Son of Man!
2. That same Je - sus, who as - cend - ed, Will re - turn a - gain:
3. He will send the har - vest an - gels, With their sick - les keen:
4. Come ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther! Will He say to me?

All the na - tions, see Him ga - ther: Ev - ery sin - ner scan.
By the an - gel throng at - tend - ed;—Can you say, A - men?
Ah! not bear - ing love's e - van - gels, As they once had been!
Go, ye curs - ed, hence, the rath - er, Will the sen - tence be?

Chorus.

Ye who love the Lord's ap - pear - ing, Are your staves in hand?

Ev - ery day, it must be near - ing: Watch! T'is His com - mand.

Music by Permission.

I TAKE THEE AT THY WORD.

No. 50.

"According to Thy word."—LUKE 1 : 38.

E. R. LATTA. J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. Thro' wa - ters deep and dark, Full oft my feet have pass'd,
2. When clouds have gather'd round, And fill'd me with dis - may,
3. When all my strength was gone. And I was in de - spair,

And on my wea - ry form, Hath burst the an - gry blast; Yet,
When 'mid the dark - ness dense, I could not see my way; Then,
When in my time of need, I cried to Thee in pray'r; Then,

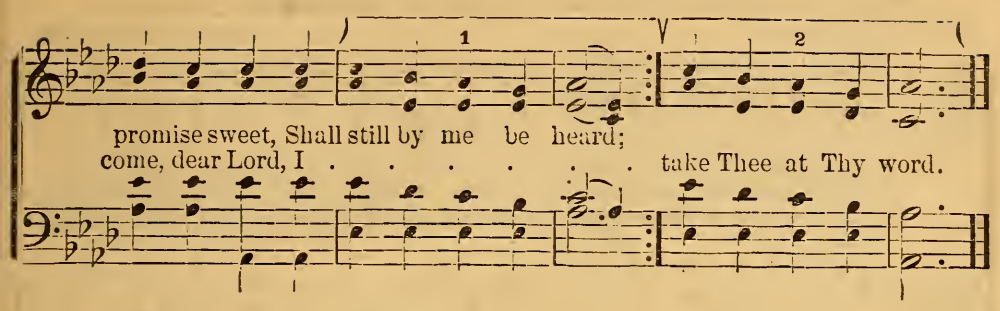
in each trou - bled hour, Thy prom - is - es I heard, And
with re - viv - ing heart, Thy prom - is - es I heard, And
with o'er - flow - ing eyes, Thy prom - is - es I heard, And

Chorus.

That voice
What - e'er

still, dear Lord, as then, I take Thee at Thy word. That voice of
still, dear Lord, as then, I take Thee at Thy word. What-e'er may
ev - er-more, dear Lord, I take Thee at Thy word.

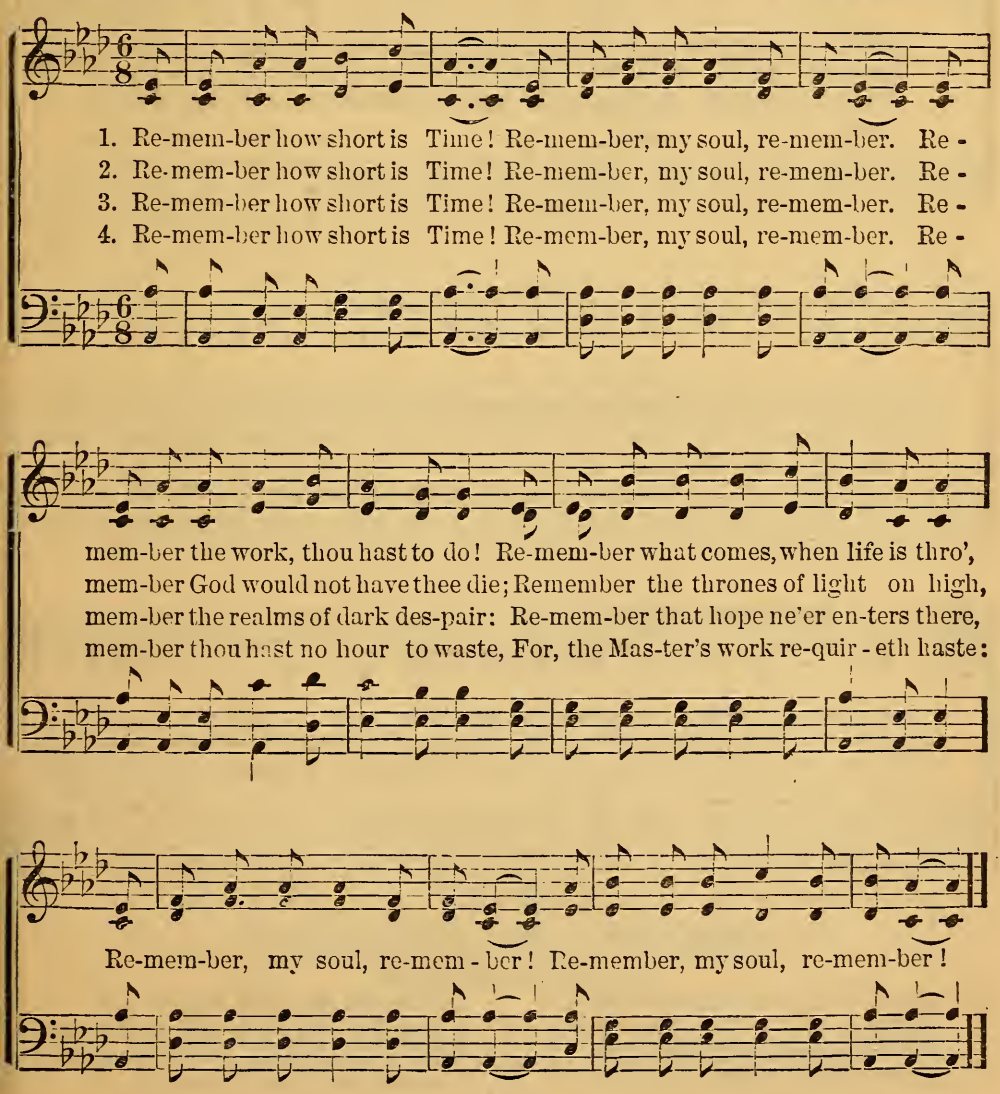
I TAKE THEE.—Concluded.



No. 51. REMEMBER, MY SOUL.

"The time is short."—1 Cor. 7 : 29.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz.



No. 52. THE VOICE OF JONADAB.

"We have obeyed the voice of Jonadab, to drink no wine all our days."—JER. 35 ; 8.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. Rev. S. MORRISON.

1. O - bey my voice, and drink no wine, Thy wife, thy sons, thy daughters;
2. 'Mid for - est shades on summits high, 'Tis God, our Fa-ther, brews them;
3. O - bey my voice, and drink no wine, Thy wife, thy sons, thy daughters;

But drink, in-stead, the draught di-vine, The sweet, dis - till - ing wa - ters;
The cup he fills, shall we de-ny? The crys - tal streams, re - fuse them?
But drink, in-stead, the draught di-vine, The sweet, dis - till - ing wa - ters;

They pour their tide, down mountain's side, And from cool caverns sal - ly;
They bead with health, they bead with wealth, They make the verdant a - cre;
Thou shall not know, the drunkard's woe, His want shall not dis-tress thee;

They flash so bright, in morning's light, They sing a-long the val - ley.
The birds and flow'rs, they bless the show'rs, And know them from their Maker.
But thou shalt stand, prince in the land, And God, thy God, shall bless thee.

O THOU FOR ME, WHO ONCE HAST DIED.

AIR—"*The voice of Jonadab*"

1 O thou for me, who once hast died,
And now in love hast found me;
Draw me still closer to thy side;
Thine angels camp around me.

Thy tender love, thy patient love,
Thy love, which ne'er grows weary,
Attend thy child thro' all earth's wild;
Along each pathway dreary.

O THOU FOR ME.—Concluded.

2 When foes about my pathway throng;
With deadly thought array them;
To interpose, delay not long;
My fears, do thou allay them.
Speak to my heart and strength impart:
Unfurl thy banner o'er me;
Till friend and foe shall surely know.
Thou marchest still before me.

3 When in the desert. I must go,
With daily manna feed me:
Cause thou the smitten Rock to flow;
By arm outstretched still lead me.
Abide thou near. to guide and cheer,
Nor cloud nor fire forsake me,
Until I stand in that fair land.
To which thy love would take me,

No. 53. THE DOOR IS SHUT.

"The door was shut."—MATT. 25 : 10.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. Rev. S. MORRISON.

1. The door is shut! They knock in vain, They can-not hear-ing gain: They've grieved the Fath-er's love a-way; For-ev-er gone is mer-cy's day; They wring their hands in pain. The door is shut, the door is shut.
2. The door is shut! God wait-ed long: The cords of love are strong: At last, compelled to give them up, To drink the sin-ner's dreadful cup, What mem'-ries on them throng, The door is shut, the door is shut.
3. The door is shut! T'will op-en not: The past they can-not blot: Knock-ing with-out, their Lord once stood, Pleading, in vain his precious blood, How changed, a-las! their lot! The door is shut, the door is shut.

rit.

No. 54. ON THE SHOALS.

MARY B. REESE. "Come, and help us."—ACTS. 16: 9. T. C. O'KANE.

1. A cry comes o - ver the deep, Wailing of dy - ing souls, 'Tis
2. Sweet hope went out with the day, Rudder and compass lost; De-
3. Quick! point to the sav - ing Rock Looming from out the deep, Whose

echoed in ev - 'ry heart, "Brothers are on the shoals!" The
spair more dark than night, Crowneth the tem - pest - tossed; No
bea-con the per - il'd souls Ev - er will safe - ly keep, No

breakers are dash - ing high, And death is in ev - 'ry wave, And
help may come from the sea, No suc - cor from the land, Say,
mat-ter how fierce the storm— How mad - ly the bil - low rolls, The

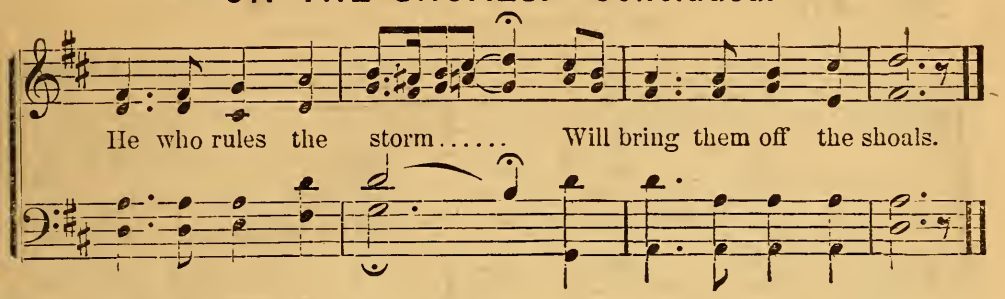
wild - ly ringeth the cry, "We perish, with none to save."
must they per - ish, and we Reach nev - er to them a hand?
light of the Guid - ing Star, Will bring them off the shoals.

Chorus. *virace.*

Ring out the tide of song, While prayer its bur-den rolls, That
of song,

From Jasper and Gold. By permission.

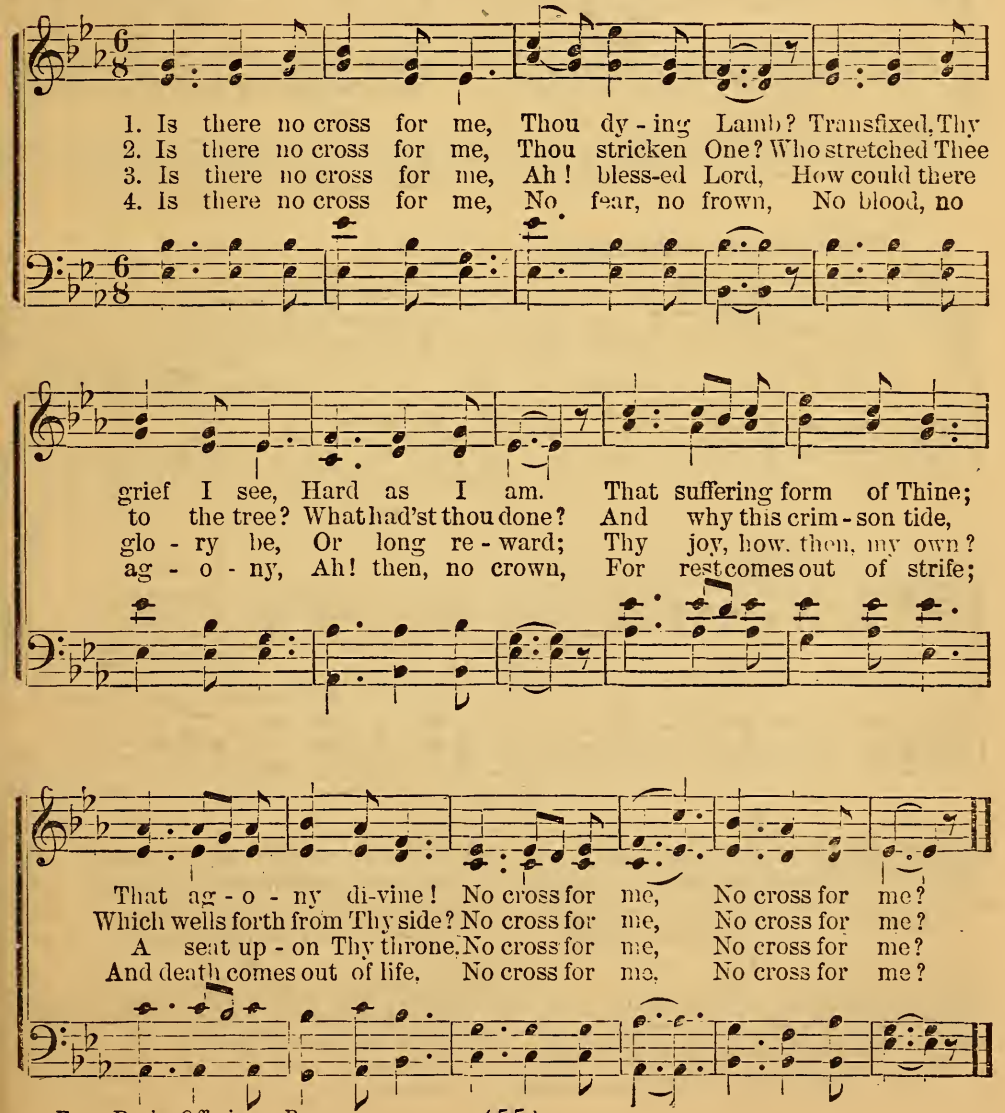
ON THE SHOALS.—Concluded.



No. 55. NO CROSS FOR ME?

"They found a man, Simon by name, to bear the cross."—MATT. 27: 32.

T. CORBEN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.



From Praise Offering. By per.

CHILD OF MY LOVE, LEAN HARD.

No. 56. "Cast thy burden on the Lord"—Ps. 55 : 22.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. Rev. S. Morrison.

1. Child of my love, lean | hard, lean | hard : Give me the burden | of thy | care:
2. Turn not to earth for | fi - nite | aid : Beating thy breast with | accents | wild:

I am thy Saviour, ... | bruis'd & | scarr'd: To me address that | piteous | prayer.
These trusting, thou wilt | be be- | trayed: Earth cannot help thee | now, my | child.

Refrain, after each 2nd verse.

Child of my love, lean hard, lean hard; I am thy Sav-iour, bruis'd and scarr'd:

Then, let me all thy bur - den know, For, nowhere else hast thou to go.

3.

I poised this burden | in my | love!
But, not to thine un- | aided | strength;
I said: t'will make him | look a- | bove:—
He'll cast it all on | me, at | length.

4.

And thus his trial | will be mine.
And he poor soul, on | me will | lean:
Will feel the strength of | love di- | vine:
Will stay himself on | things not | seen.

5.

Come closer, closer | yet my | child:
And shield thee in my | strong em | brace;
Pour forth, no more, that | moan so | wild,
Nor hide from me thy | sobbing | face.

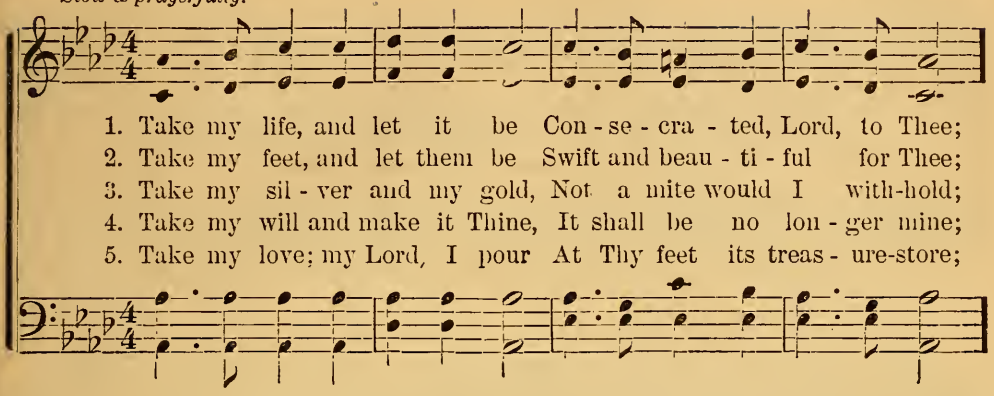
6.

Thou lovest me, my | child, lean | hard:
Here, here for thee, there | is re- | pose:
I am thy Saviour, | bruised and | scarred:
Lean hard; 'twill ease thee | of thy | woes.

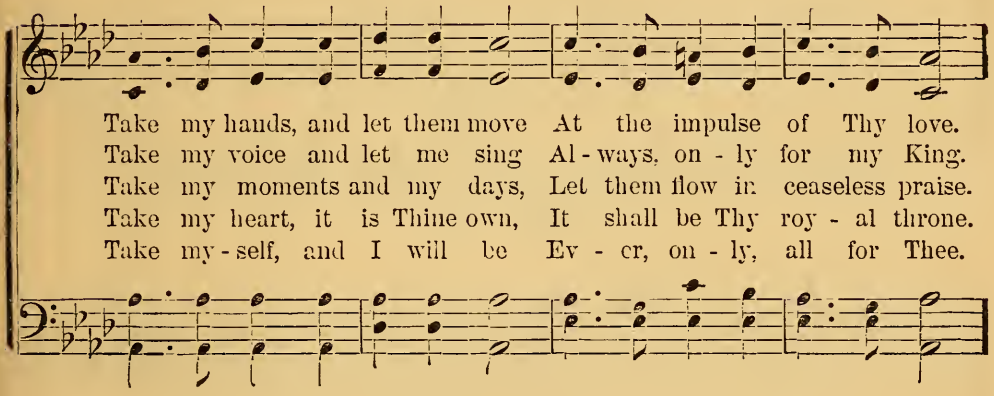
No. 57. ALL FOR THEE.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL. WM. G. FISCHER.

Slow & prayerfully.

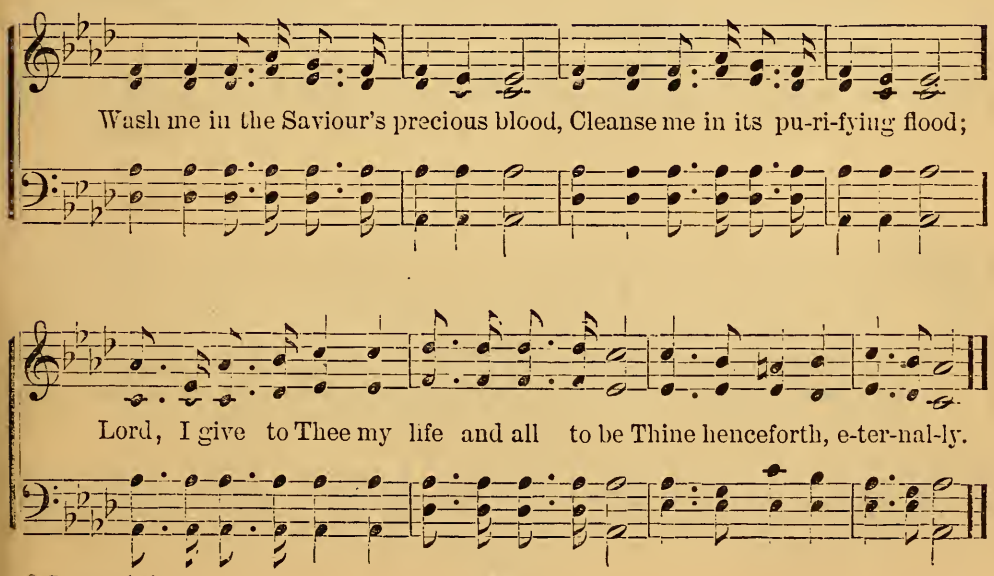


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure-store;



Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

Chorus.



Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, Cleanse me in its pu-ri-fying flood;

Lord, I give to Thee my life and all to be Thine henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.

By permission.

No. 58. ARISE! FOR CHRIST ARISE.

"He will make the wilderness like Eden."—Is. 51 : 3.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. ROGUET DE LISLE, 1792.

1. Friends of the tempted! Christ is call - ing, It is His voice, heard from the skies;
2. Ten thousand hearts are torn and bleeding! Ten thousand homes lie waste and lone;
3. Friends of the tempted! Hearts all glowing, Lift up, lift up a - gain your voice;

No long - er to this curse ap - pall ing, Be deaf of ears, be blind of eyes,
Shall blood-bought souls live on, un - heeding, As though this work were not Christ's own?
The Lord is come, His grace be - stowing; The Lord is come! re-joice! re - joice;

Be deaf of ears, be blind of eyes. Neglectful will ye lin - ger lon - ger,
As tho' this work were not Christ's own! O Thou, whose cause we've sworn to cher-ish.
The Lord is come! Re-joice! re - joice? Like the fleet hart, the lame are leap-ing;

And let strong drink lay waste the land? Will ye not lend a help - ing hand? Nor
How long, how long shall hell's dark pow'rs, Weigh down with woe, this land of ours, While
Forth from the pris - on cap - tives come! While in full many an hum - ble home, There

ARISE! FOR CHRIST ARISE.—Concluded.

Chorus.

let this tide of woe grow stronger?
year by year, ten thousands per-ish? A - rise! For Christ a - rise! His stan-dard
is re-joicing, where was weeping.

is unfurled, A - rise! A - rise! For Christ a - rise! To Him, win back the world.

WHEN WE LOSE OUR DEAR ONES HERE.

No. 59.

Words and Music by J. E. Rankin, D.D.

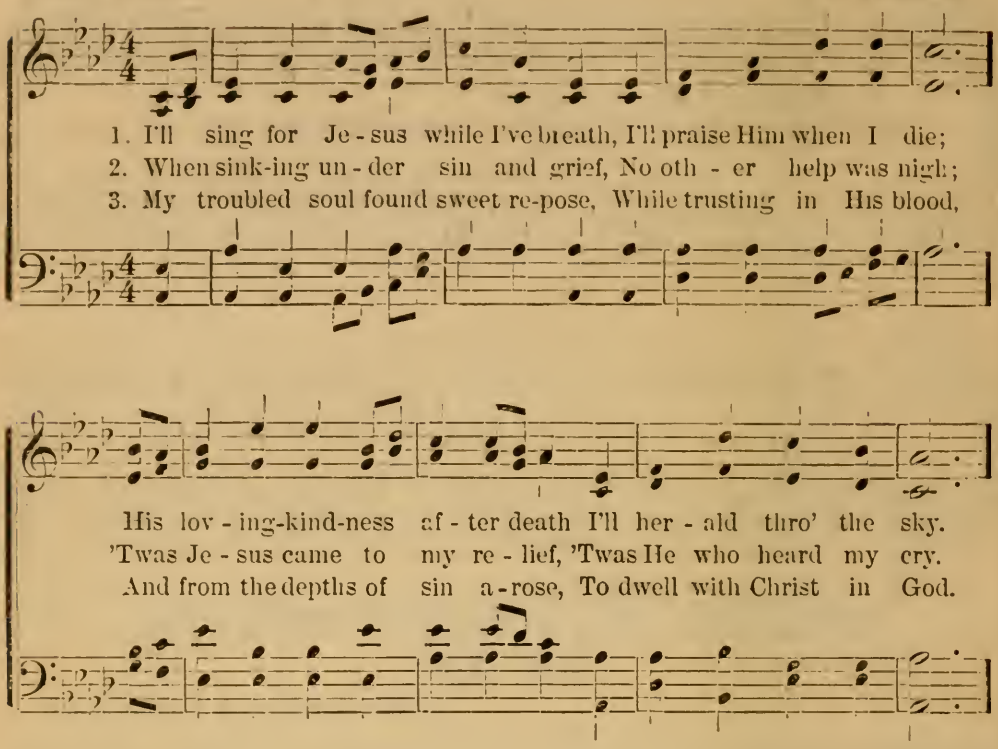
1. When we lose our dear ones here, Those in faith de - part - ed; Oft we
2. But, we know they still are ours, Where death ne'er in-vad - eth; Where the
3. To the hills we lift our eyes, Where there is no dy - ing; Whence the
4. To our Heavenly Fa-ther's will, Make we full sur - ren - der; Poor, weak
5. What, in tears, we know not now, We shall know here-af - ter; To the

shed the bit - ter tear, Oft are bro-ken-hearted, Oft are bro-ken - hearted.
bloom leaves not the flow'rs And where love ne'er fadeth, And where love ne'er fadeth.
streams of com-fort rise, All sure hearts supplying, All sure hearts supplying.
hearts be hush'd and still, He is kind and ten-der, He is kind and ten-der.
Lord we meekly bow: Grief shall change to laughter, Grief shall change to laughter.

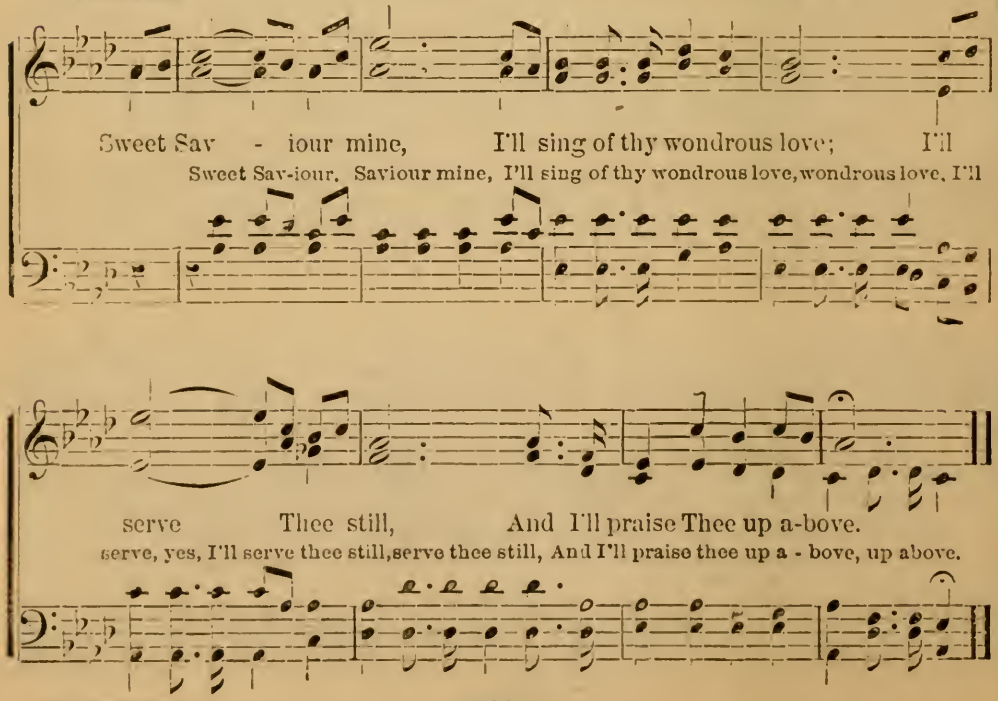
No. 60. I'LL SING FOR JESUS.

"— to whom be praise and dominion forever and ever."—1 Pet. 4 : 11.

Rev. T. C. Reade. J. H. Anderson.



Chorus.

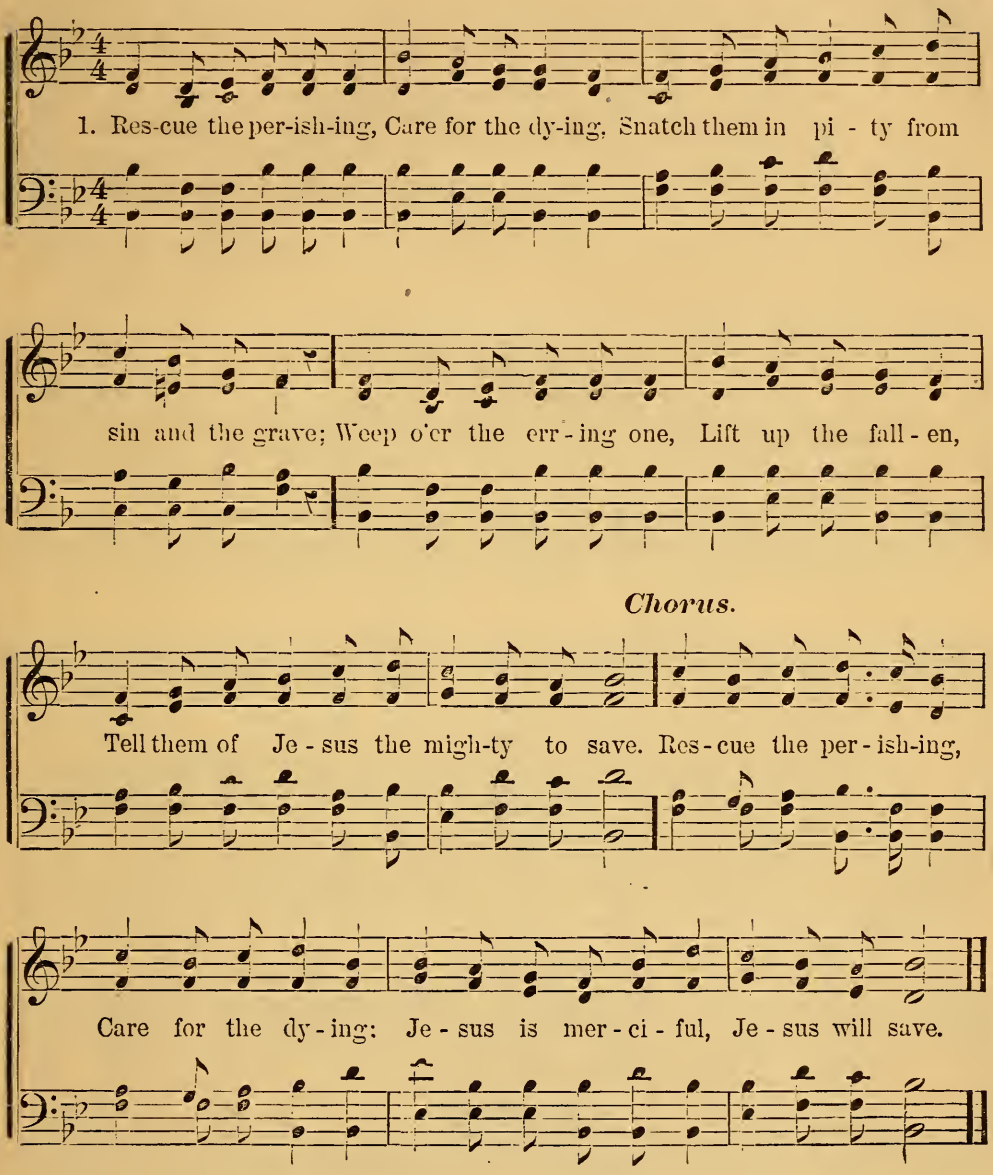


By permission.

No. 61. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14 : 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

By Permission.

No. 62. ALL HAIL TO THE HEROES.

"I can do all things, through Christ."—PHIL. 14 : 13.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. R. E. JEREMY.

1. All hail to the heroes who're wearing the blue, All hail to the
2. All hail to the heroes who're wearing the blue, This na-tion has
3. Come join them, ye tempted ones; give in your name, Christ's peace ye shall

pure, to the no - ble and true: They come from the east, and the
something for such men to do: Their songs, hear them sing, as in
feel in your soul all the same; Come join in their songs, and their

west, and the north; Like wa-ters made free in the spring, pour they forth.
tri-umph they move, Their strength is their faith and their patience and love.
la-bors, and pray'rs: Your soul shall es - cape, as a bird from the snares.

Chorus.

All hail to the heroes, who've broken their chain, All hail! Bless the Lord.

Amen and Amen.

4.

Come join them, ye noble ones, old and the young,
Come give them the cheer of your heart and your tongue;
Come join them, ye Christians; your Lord is their King,
Come join in their work, and their triumphs, come sing.

SAFE THROUGH JUDAH'S LION.

No. 63. "To preach deliverance to the captives."—Is. 55.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D. J. E. Rankin.

1. Lo, they come, with songs of joy, Lo, they come to Zi - on.
2. Form - er things are passed a - way, Bro - ken hearts and sigh - ing;
3. Poor, blind eyes, no more are dim, Burst the dumb, with laughter;
4. Gone, at length, all grief and pain, Gone, at length, all cry - ing;

Naught shall hurt them or de - stroy; Safe through Judah's Li - on.
O, what tongue their peace can say, On their Lord re - ly - ing?
Ah! such joy they find in Him, Glad they fol - low af - ter.
They the mount of glo - ry gain; Con - quer sin and dy - ing.

Joy and glad-ness they ob - tain, For the Lord shall lead them;
'Tis God's high-way which they tread, Up to glo - ry far - ing;
Through green fields, He'll lead them on, By still wa - ters guide them;
Ransomed, all, at length they stand, Life's long jour - ney end - ed,

He who once for them was slain, From their chains has freed them.
Man - na is their dai - ly bread, Christ their for - tune shar - ing.
Till they all His rest have won, He will stay be - side them.
In the soul's fair Ca - naan Land, To the Lord as - cend - ed.

No. 64. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness."—Ps. 23 : 3.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd, lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care; In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, ten-der care; In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us,
2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the guardian of our way: Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us,
3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, tho' we be; Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us,

1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd, lead us, Much we need Thy
2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the guard-ian
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful

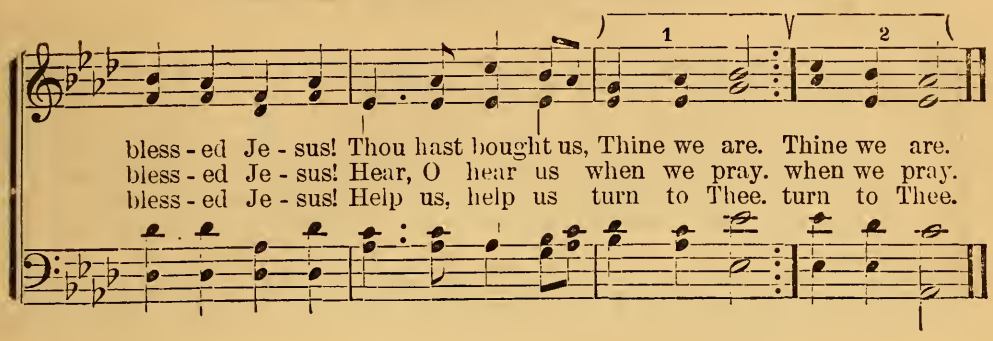
For our use Thy folds pre-pare.
Seek us when we go a-stray.
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Chorus.

For our use Thy folds pre-pare. Bless-ed Je-sus,
Seek us when we go a-stray.
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

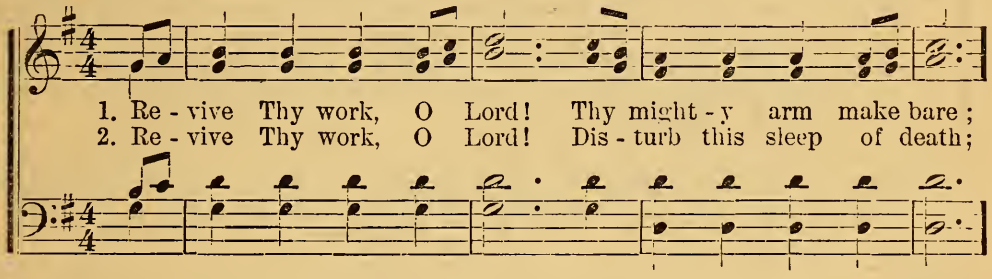
By permission.

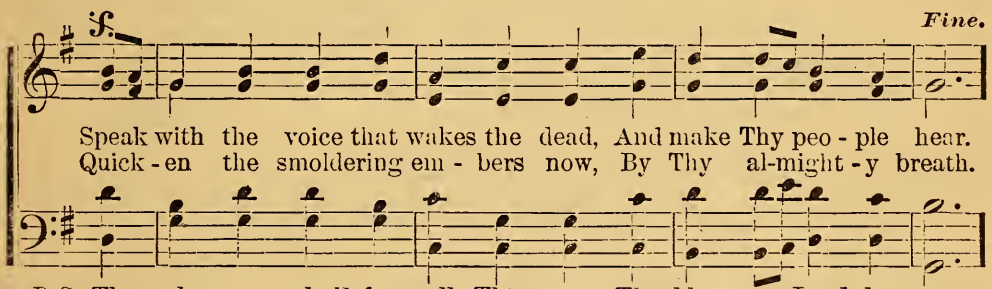
SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.—Concluded.



No. 65. REVIVE THY WORK.

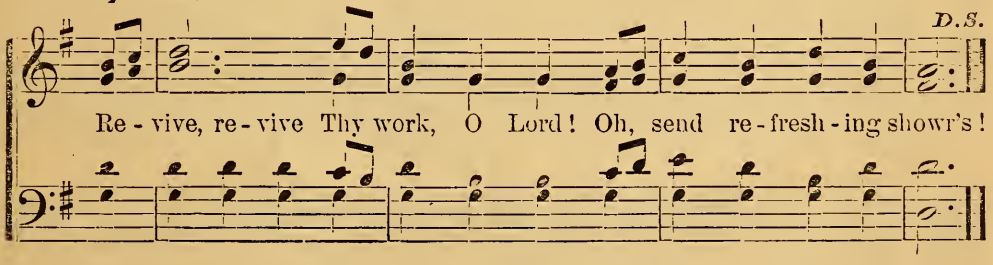
ALBERT MIDLANE. "O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2. E. S. LORENZ.





D.S. The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The bless-ing, Lord, be ours.

Refrain.



3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Exalt Thy precious name,
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

No. 66. GO, WASH IN THE STREAM.

R. TORREY, JR. "A fountain is opened for sin."—ZECH. 16: 1. I. BALTZALL.

1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That flows thro' the
2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which gladdens the
3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That fount God has
4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That fount that is

sweet Ca-naan Land: Its wa-ters gleam bright in their heav-en - ly light, And
ci - ty of God: It flows from the throne of the Fa - ther a - lone; And
open - ed for sin: That stream from His side who for sin-ners once died: He's
flow - ing so free: I'll sing of that flood, which is crimsoned with blood, From

Chorus.

rip - ple o'er the gold - en sand. Go wash in that beau - ti - ful
spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
heale l, who but plun - ges there - in.
sin, that has cleansed e - ven me. Wash in the

stream..... Go, wash in that beau-ti - ful stream, ...
beau - ti - ful stream, Wash in the beau-ti-ful stream, Its

wa - ters so free, are flow-ing for thee; Go, wash in that beauti-ful stream.

No. 67. THE GLORY PREPARED.

"God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."—1 Cor. 2 : 10.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. Rev. S. Morrison.

1. I know not the glo - ry, On me that shall break: The bliss, that's be -
2. 'Tis not the bright flashing Of gates, that are pearl: The riv - er's clear
3. 'Tis not the sweet rap-ture Of songs which they sing: Taking the soul
4. He speaks of a man - sion, He speaks of a place:—The soul has ex -

fore me, For Je - sus' dear sake; No eye hath e'er seen it; No
dash - ing, And quiv - er and curl; 'Tis not the streets gold-en. So
cap - ture Round Je - sus, the King: No words can de-clare it, Which
pan - sion, From grace un - to grace, For strange tho' the sto - ry, I

ear hath e'er heard: No voice can re-veal it. But, Je - sus' own word.
clean and so broad: Nor yet the saints old-en, The cho - sen of God!
mor - tals can say: He's gone to prepare it: And He is the Way!
know it is so: From glo - ry to glo - ry, For - ev - er we go.

Chorus.

But Je - sus' own word, Je - sus' own word, In my spir - it I've heard:

And He hath declared, He hath declared, The glo - ry pre - pared.

No. 68. SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES.*

"It is blood that maketh atonement for the soul."—Lev. 17 : 11.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor-ders
2. These, these are they who in af - fliction's woes Ev - er have found in
3. These, these are they who in the con-flict dre, Bold - ly have stood a -
4. Safe, safe up-on the ev - er shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
5. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire - ly thine, Dai - ly from sin be

of the si-lent grave. Shouting Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood
Je - sus calm re-pose. Such as from a pure heart flows, Wash'd in the blood
mid the hot-test fire; Je-sus now says, "Come up higher," Wash'd in the blood
sor-row now are all o'er. Hap-py now and ev - er - more, Wash'd in the blood
kept by power di-vine; Then in heaven the saints we'll join, Wash'd in the blood

Chorus.

of the Lamb? "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je-ru - sa - lem,

"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb..... "Sweep-ing thro' the gates
in the blood 'of the Lamb,

to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

By permission. * Dying words of the Rev. Alfred Cookman.

No. 69. THERE'S ONE WILL SAVE YOU.

"Depart in peace. Thy sins are forgiven."

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. J. E. RANKIN.

1. There's One will save you! Why need you grieve so sore?
2. 'Tis not your griev-ing That e'er can save your soul;

Chorus.

His life He gave you: What could e'en He do more? 'Tis Je-sus
There's no re-triev-ing Your countless sins by dole. 'Tis Je-sus

says, I give re-lease! Your sins are all for-given: On-ly be-

lieve! de-part in peace; Go on your way to heaven.

3 Leave your relenting,
And shedding floods of tears;
'Tis not repenting
That blots the sins of years.

4 Jesus will save you!
Then trust in Him alone;
His life He gave you;
Cease, then, your sad, sad moan.

No. 70. THE GOSPEL BELLS.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son."—JOHN 3 : 16.

S. WESLEY MARTIN. S. W. M.

1 The Gos-pel bells are ring-ing, O-ver land, from sea to sea:
2 The Gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast pre-pared for all;
3 The Gos-pel bells give warn-ing, As they sound from day to day,
4 The Gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide,

Bless-ed news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me.
Do not slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call.
Of the fate which doth a-wait them Who for-ev-er will de-lay.
Bear-ing notes of per-fect par-don, Thro' a Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.

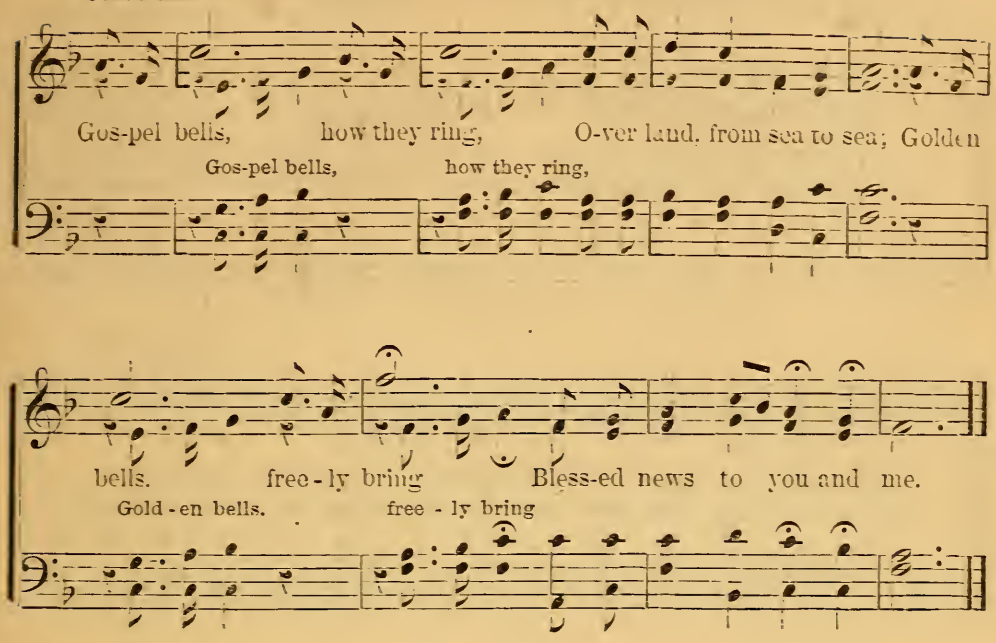
"For God so loved the world That His on-ly Son He gave,
"I am the bread of life; Eat of me, thou hun-gry soul,
"Es-cape ye, for thy life; Tar-ry not in all the plain,
"Good tid-ings of great joy To all peo-ple do I bring,

Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-last-ing life shall have."
Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool."
Nor be-hind thee look, oh, nev-er, Lest thou be con-sumed in pain."
Un-to you is born a Sav-iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

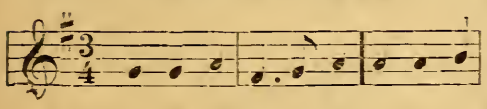
By Permission.

THE GOSPEL BELLS.—Concluded.

Chorus.



71. AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



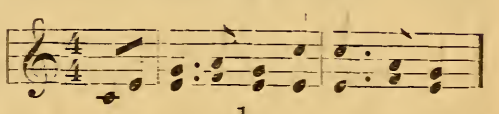
1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride:
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing—
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

[S. F. Smith.

72. FOUNTAIN. C. M.



1.
There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
Cho.—Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains,
And sinners, plunged beneath
that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
Cho.—Wash all, etc.

3 Dear Dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
Cho.—Are saved, etc.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die!
Cho.—And shall, etc. [Cowper.

No. 73. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."—JOHN 10 : 11.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I've seen the Good Shepherd In the hands of His foes : His back was sore
2. O Shepherd, Good Shepherd Thus nailed there to the Tree: Thy hands they have

smit - ten From their pit - i - less blows: His brow was en - cir - cled
wound-ed, And Thy side, too, I see: Thy face has strange pal-lor,

With the thorns press'd a - bove: But ah, it was king - ly, And so
And how la - bored Thy breath: Thou'rt walk-ing the val - ley Of the

Refrain.

ra - diant with love. Ye daugh-ters of Zi - on, Why do ye weep?
sha - dow of death.

The Good Shep - herd, The Good Shep - herd, Gives His life for the sheep.

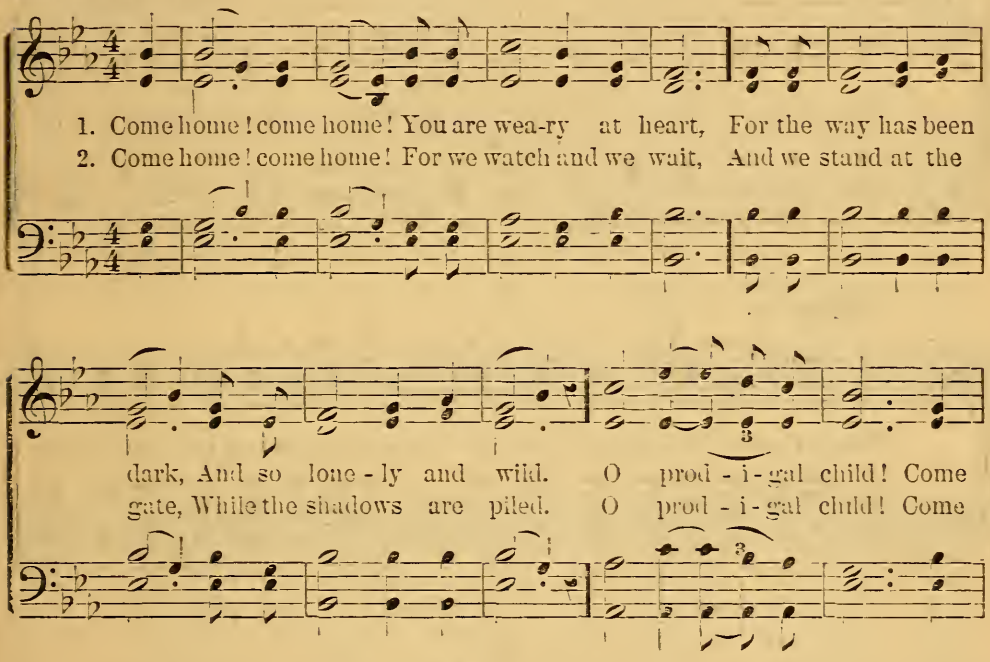
3 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd,
My poor name, write it now,
In blood that down trickles
From Thy feet, and Thy brow:
And there, where they've wounded
With the spear-thrust, Thy side,
They've cloven a refuge,
Where a sinner may hide.

4 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd,
Thou art gone up on high:
Art seated in glory,
In Thy own native sky:
The love, that once ransomed,
Is a love, that will keep:
Good Shepherd, who gavest
Thus Thy life for the Sheep.

No. 74. THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15 : 18.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE.



3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled;
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

By Permission.

No. 75. WONDROUS WHOSOEVER.

"Whoever will, let him take the waters of life freely."—Rev. 22 : 17.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Who - so - ev - er! O word di - vine! Who - so, who - so - ev - er!

Yes, sal - va - tion, it may be thine: May be thine for - ev - er.

Refrain.

Who-so - ev-er! O wilt thou hear it? Free sal-vation! and thou art near it!

Who - so - ev - er! O word di - vine! Won-drous who-so - ev - er!

2 Whosoever! 'Tis Jesus' word!
Word, that changeth never:
Sinner lost, hast thou ever heard:
Whoso, whosoever?

3 Whosoever on Christ believes!—
With His blood, He seals it;
Free forgiveness he there receives:
'Tis God's Word reveals it.

4 Whosoever! O wondrous thought!
Thought so high above us:—
That in spite of sin's crimson spot,
He, the Lord, can love us.

No. 76. MY JESUS DIED FOR ME.

"That He by the grace of God should taste death for every man."—Heb. 2 : 9.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. Walter N. Rankin.*

1. My Je - sus died for me! Such love can I for - get,
2. My Je - sus died for me! That was a sin - ner's doom:
3. My Je - sus died for me! The debt can I re - pay?
4. My Je - sus died for me! And can my love grow dim?

Or e'er un - mind - ful be To whom I owe the debt?
He bowed in ag - o - ny, And lay with - in the tomb:
Lord, make me quick to see What most lies in life's way.
Can I the tri - als flee I might en - dure for Him?

On Him my stripes were laid, He hung up - on the tree,
So great my in - ward guilt, My sins reached such de - gree,
'Tis not e - nough to sing, Or pray on bend - ed knee,
Such love I'll ne'er for - get, Nor e'er un - mind - ful be

And thus my ran - som paid, My Je - sus died for me!
For me His blood was spilt, My Je - sus died for me!
Life is love's offer - ing; My Je - sus died for me!
To whom I owe the debt: My Je - sus died for me!

* Composed during his last illness. Died May, 1877, aged 19 years.

No. 77. THAT FAIR LAND OF THE MORNING.

"That turneth the shadow of death into the Morning."—Ns. 5 : 3.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. J. E. RANKIN.

1. O that cit - y of gold, O that safe up - per fold, On the
2. O the song that they sing, Un - to Je - sus the King! To His
3. O the joys that are there, In that clear up - per air, As they
4. They are tempt - ed no more, All earth's sor - rows are o'er; By still

banks of Life's clear flow-ing riv - er: Shall we walk there in white? Shall we
throne like sweet in - cense as - cending! Shall we know that sweet song? Shall we
walk on the heights of those mountains, Will these poor wea-ry feet. For such
wa - ters, the Good Shepherd leads them, Will He call us by name? Will He

cres to end.

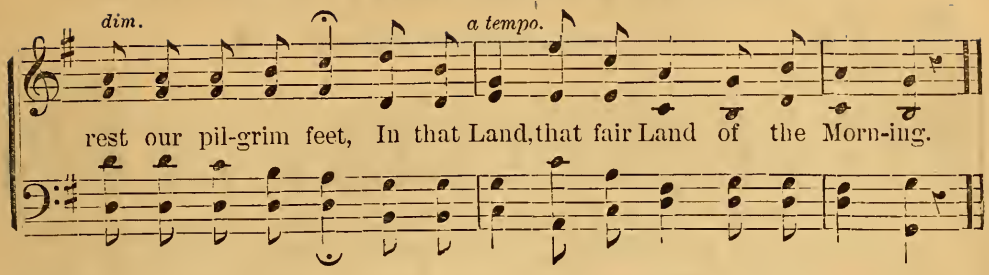
know no more night? Shall we have new de-light there for - ev - er?
be in that throng? Will our voice in that cho - rus be blend-ing?
path-ways be meet? Shall we slake all our thirst at those fountains?
lead us the same? Will He give us the pas - ture He feeds them.

Chorus. *f*

In that cit - y of Gold, With its glo - ries un - told, And the light of the

Lamb, its a - dorn - ing: We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall

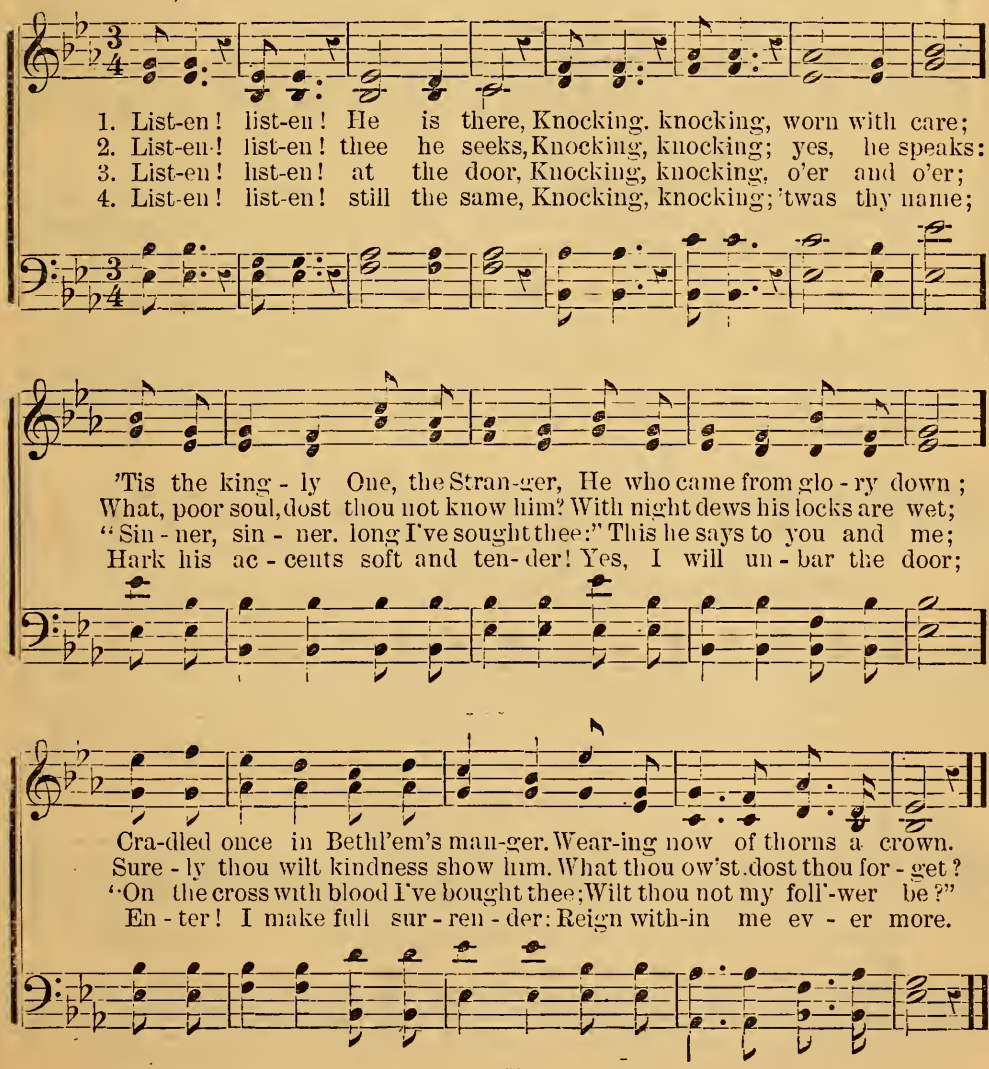
THAT FAIR LAND.—Concluded.



No. 78. 'TIS THE KINGLY ONE.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev 3 : 20.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz.



O THOU SWEET, THOU SWEET TO-MORROW.

No. 79.

"The Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21 : 23.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. E. Rankin.

1. O thou sweet, thou sweet To-mor-row! Gold-en there be-yond life's hills;
2. O thou sweet, thou sweet To-mor-row, When my Lord comes, king of day:
3. O thou sweet, thou sweet To-mor-row, Born of pa-tience, faith and pray'r:
4. O thou sweet, thou sweet To-mor-row! How I chide thy long de-lay;

How, for thee, my heart is yearning, As I stem earth's tide of ills.
He will lift the mists from o'er me: He will drive death's night a-way:
Which re-leas-es all life's burdens: Day un-end-ing, clear and fair:
Let thy cha-riot quick-ly has-ten: Come, O come, E-ter-nal Day!

Chorus.

O thou sweet, thou sweet To-morrow! O thou sweet, thou sweet To-mor-row!

rit. *f a tempo*

O thou sweet, thou sweet To-mor-row! How with joy, my bo-som thrills!

No. 80. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

"If any man will open the door."—Rev. 3 : 20. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Be - hold a stran-ger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked be-fore,
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti-tude—He stands With melt-ing heart and load-ed hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the ve - ry friend you need;

Has wait-ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'Tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va -ry.

Chorus.

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in.... He'll cleanse the heart from sin....
come in, from sin,

Oh, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in....
come in.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine—
That soul destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

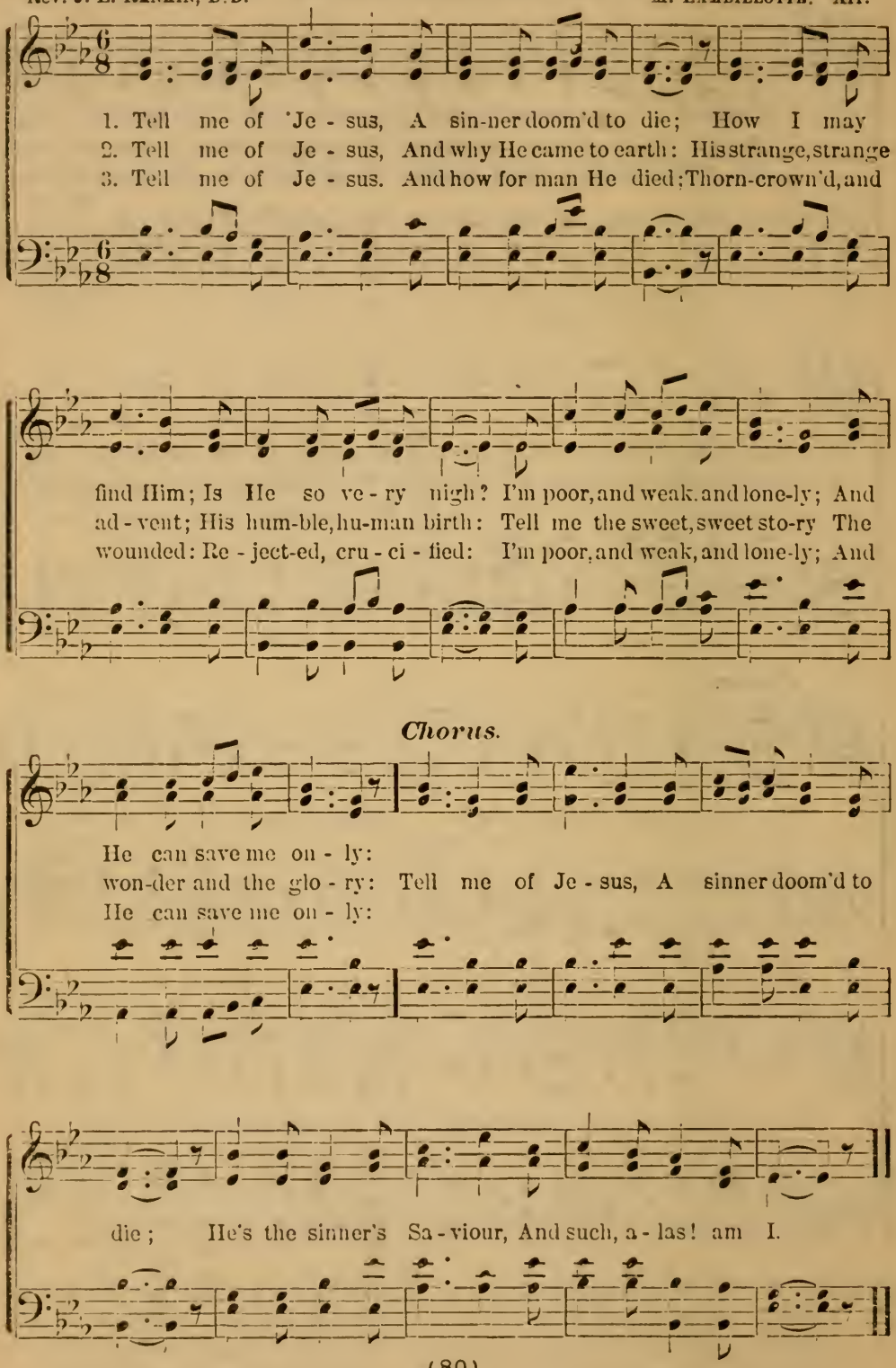
5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Music by permission.

No. 81. TELL ME OF JESUS.

"They are they which testify of me."—Jno. 5: 39.

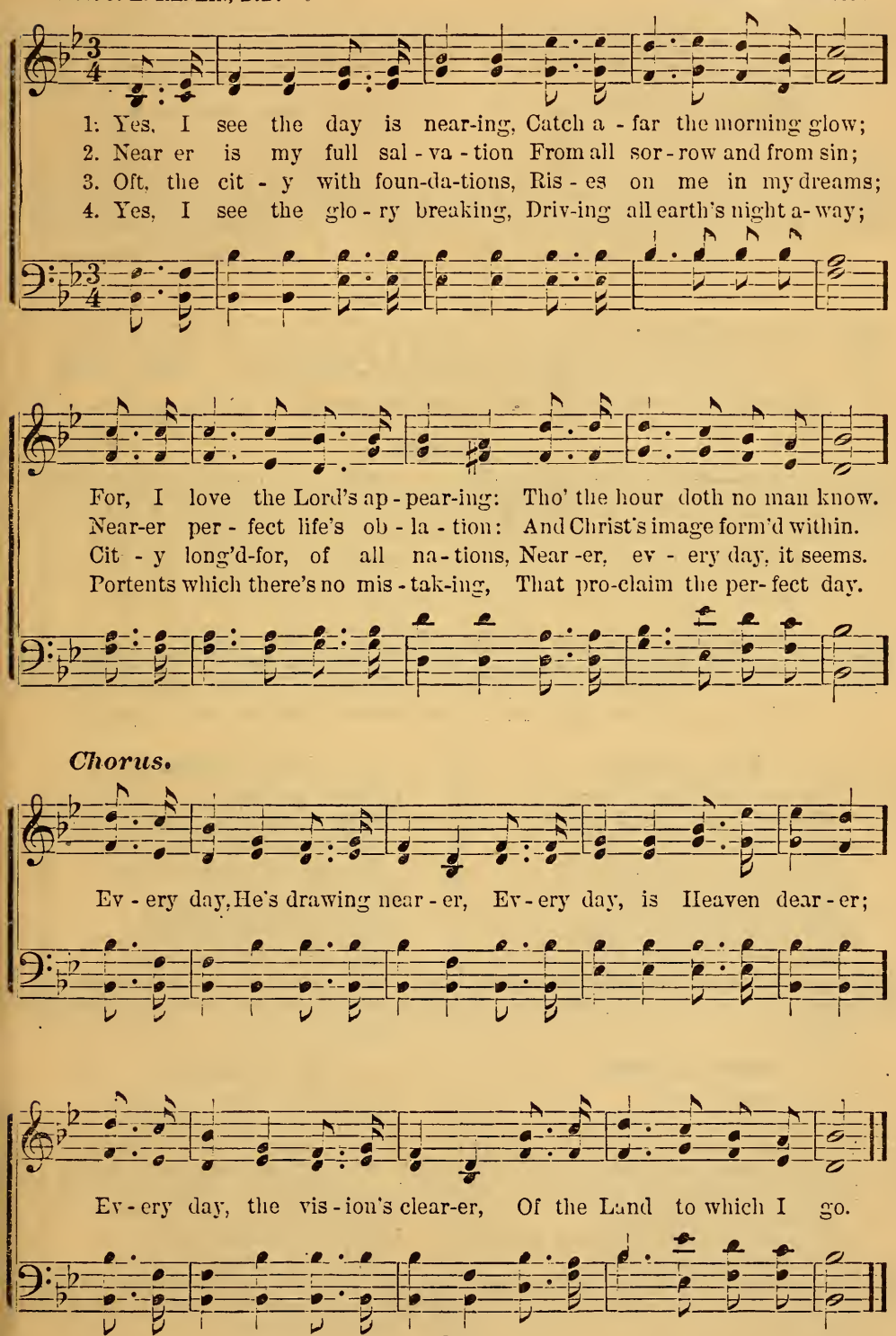
Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D. M. Lambillotte. Arr.



YES, I SEE THE DAY IS NEARING.

No. 82. "The Judge standeth before the door."—JAMES. 10: 9.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D. Rev. S. MORRISON.

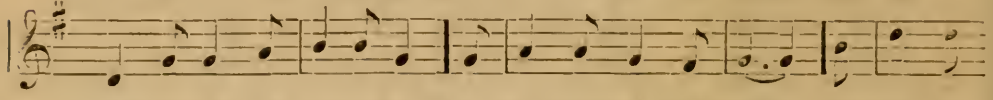


No. 83. SELF-DECEIVED.

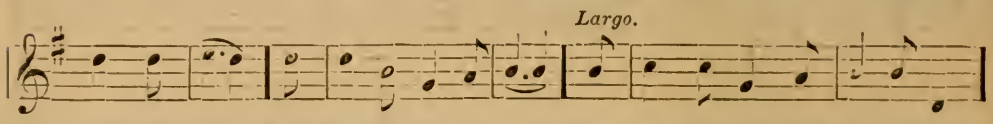
"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Mrs. H. E. Brown. Philip Phillips.

1. My heart is light and free; My step is firm and strong; I

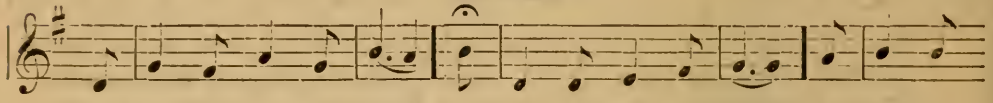


move a-mid the mul-ti-tude, The hap-piest of the throng. The wine is

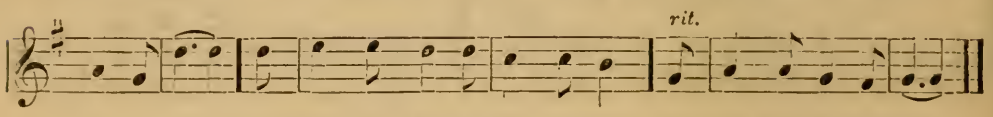


spark-ling red, Most beau-ti-ful to see; They say it glit-ters to deceive,

Chorus.



But what is that to me? Oh! I am safe, am safe! No dan-ger



can I see; The wine may ru-in you, perhaps, But can-not in-jure me.

First Degree.

My heart is light and free:
My step is firm and strong;
I move amid the multitude,
The happiest of the throng.
The wine is sparkling red,
Most beautiful to see:
They say it glitters to deceive,
But what is that to me?
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
The wine will ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure me.

Second Degree.

I'm older than I was,
I'm wiser now, to-day,
Than when last year I danced and sang
The happiest of the gay;
My limbs are slightly weak,
I tremble some, you see,
And brandy need to calm my nerves,
But what is that to me?
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
The brandy'll ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure me.

Third Degree.

Carnival joys I prize,
To drive dull care away:
And often quit life's busy round
To cheer the long dull day.
My brain is over-taxed
With grave perplexity,
A glass of whisky builds me up,
But what is that to me.
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
The whisk'll ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure me.

Fourth Degree.

Ah, nothing harms me now.
All liquors tempt my thirst—
Old ale, and gin, and rum alike
Are good as wine at first;
For drinking schools a man,
Sets him from bondage free;
I'm not fastidious in my taste,
But what is that to me.
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
Strong drink will ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure me.

By permission Philip Phillips.

SELF-DECEIVED.—Concluded.

FIFTH DEGREE.

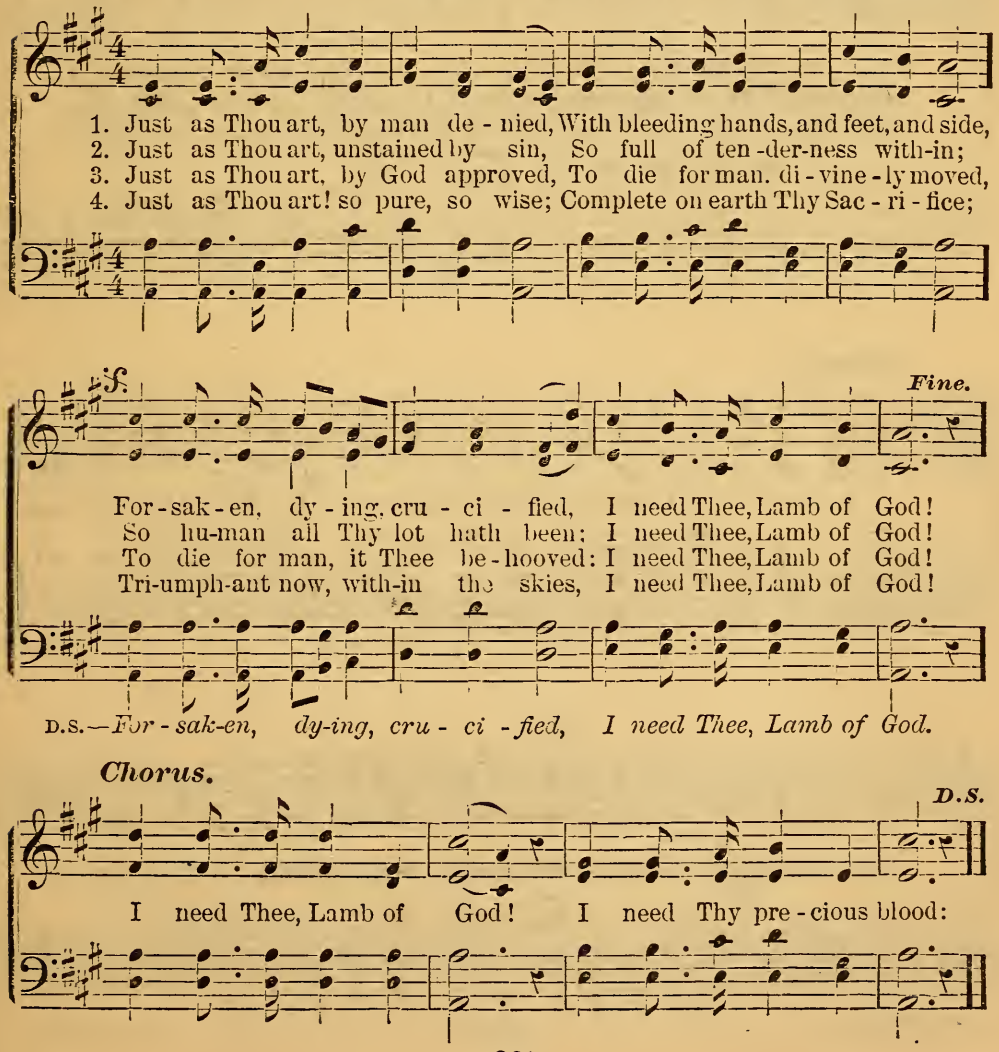
When I am asked to drink
I never answer No;
I cannot purchase it myself,
I daily poorer grow.
My living all is gone,
My clothes in rags you see:
I take whatever I can beg,
But what is that to me?
Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
The rags might frighten you, perhaps, but
cannot frighten me.

SIXTH DEGREE.

I'm safe! But am I safe?
Oh! what is that I see!
A yawning gulf before me lies,
A drunkard's grave for me.
For me! for me! Oh, save!
Brave comrades, hear my call!
Stretch out out a hand to rescue me;
I tremble! shiver! fall! [glass,
Not one, alas, is safe! but all who take the
And drink the brandy, rum, and gin, shall
feel its sting at last.

No. 84. I NEED THEE, LAMB OF GOD.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. "Lord, remember me."—LUKE 23 : 42. J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.



No. 85. THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Be - hold One standing at the door, His golden locks, with dew are wet;
2. He en - ters now, a table spreads! He breaks love's loaf. He pours life's wine,
3. And in my bo - som, O such rest, Such peace within my hum-ble heart:

I've heard Him knocking, o'er and o'er, I see Him pa- tient, waiting yet.
And from His form bright radiance sheds, His presence kingly and di-vine.
They entered with this Heavenly Guest. And they shall nev - er - more depart.

Chorus.

O sin-ner, then list to His knocking now. Behold His hands, His bleeding brow,

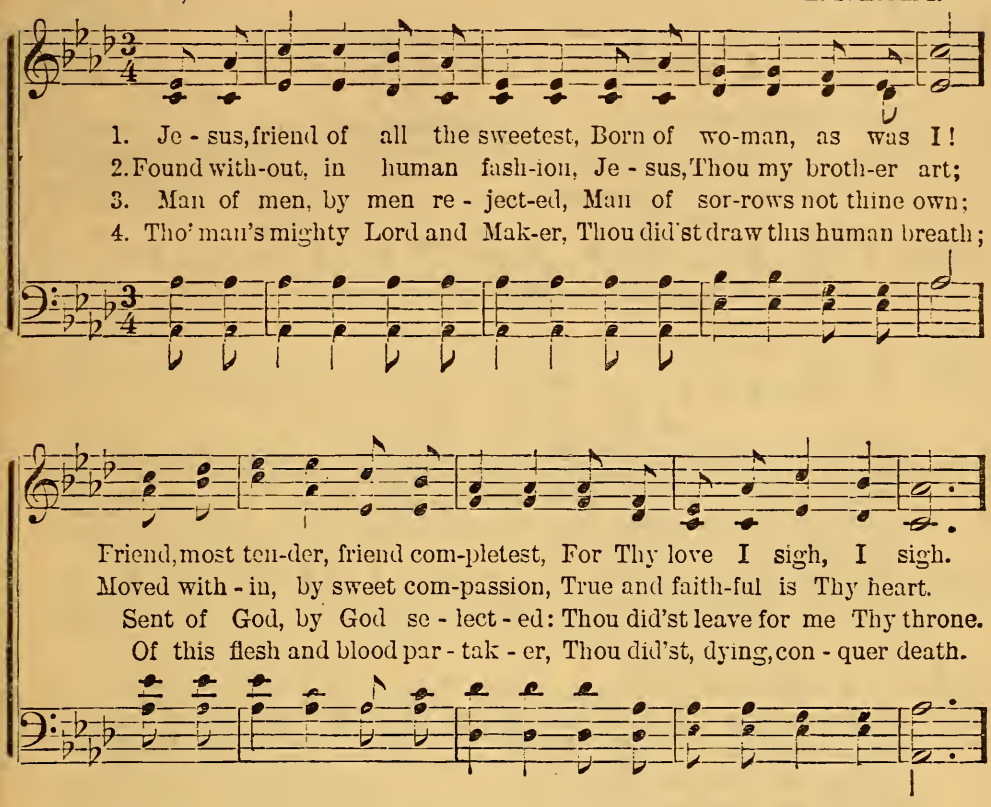
Lin-ger no more, O - pen the door, And say to thy Saviour, "Come in, come in."

By permission.

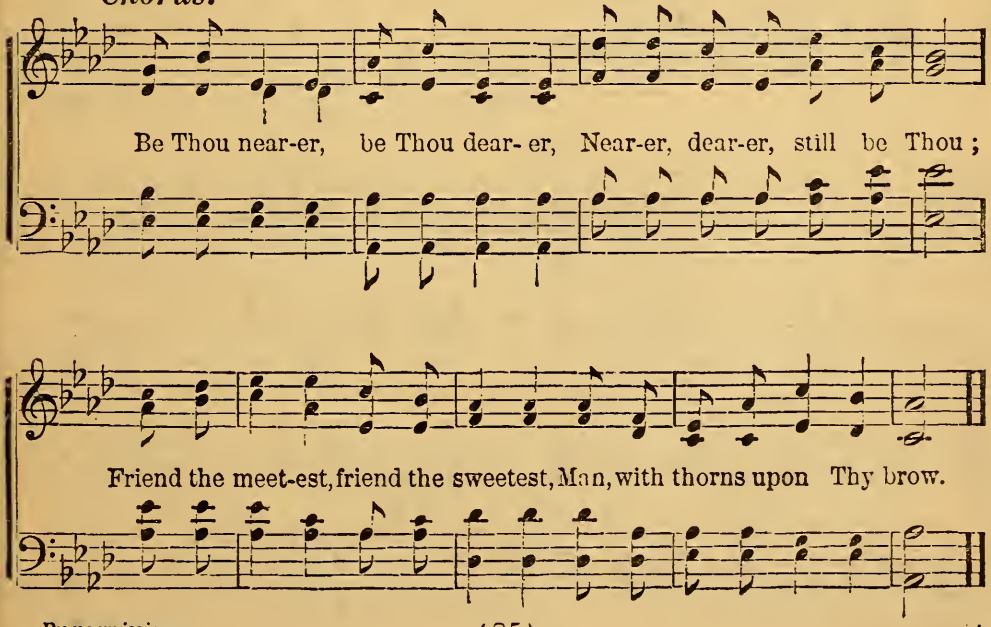
FRIEND THE SWEETEST.

No. 86. "The love of Christ constraineth."—2 Cor. 5: 14.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz.



Chorus.

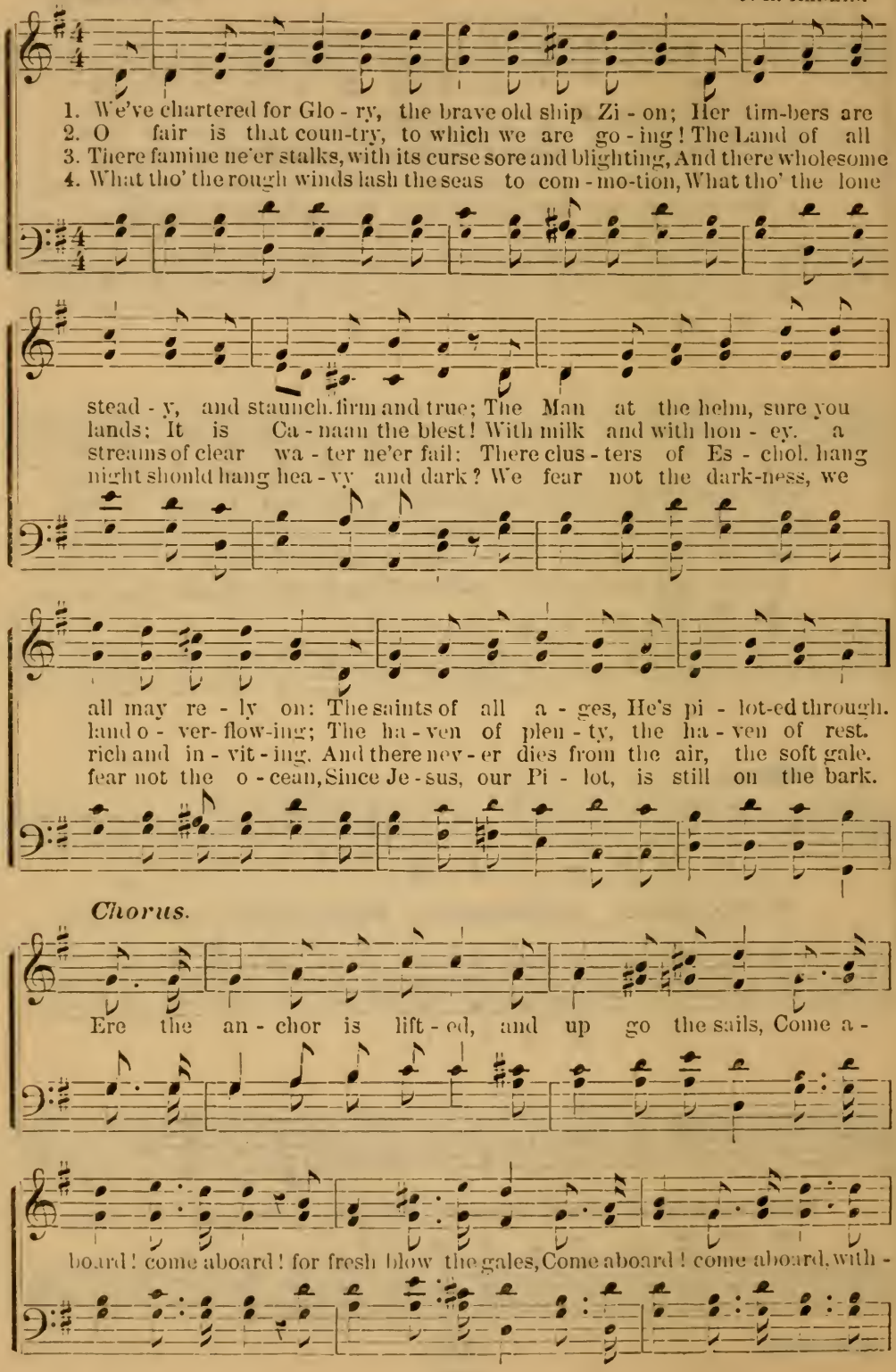


By permission.

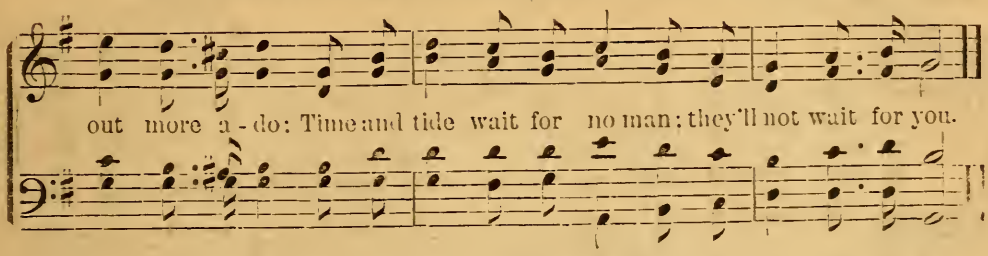
No. 87. THE BRAVE OLD SHIP ZION.

"What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?" —Mar. 4 : 41.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. J. E. Rankin.



THE BRAVE OLD SHIP ZION.—Concluded.



5 O blest be the day, when our perils all over,
Our bark lies at rest, near the sweet Canaan Land;
O blest be the day, when our eyes shall discover,
Thy tow'rs, O Jerusalem, glorious and grand!

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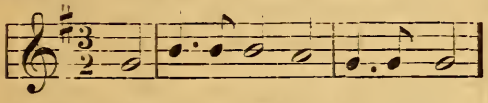
89. ARLINGTON. C. M.



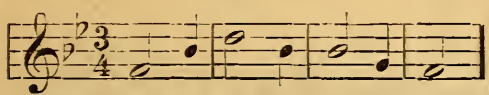
1 Father, I stretch my hands to Thee;
No other help I know:
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did Thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift;
My soul, without it, dies.

REV. C. WESLEY.

90. HORTON. 7s.



1 Lord, we come before Thee now;
At Thy feet we humbly bow:
Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up:
Make them strong in faith and hope.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

REV. WM. HAMMOND.

91. LABAN. S. M.

1 My soul, be on thy guard:
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

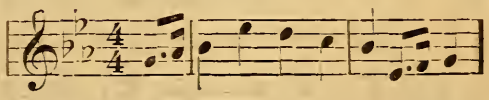
2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thy armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

GEORGE HEATH, 1782.

92. CHRISTMAS. C. M.



1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 93. LO, THE HARVEST IS WHITE.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. Rev. S. Morrison.

1. Reap - ers! O reap - ers! the har - vest is white, And wait-ing the
2. Reap - ers! O reap - ers! the har - vest still waits! And soon will the
3. Reap - ers! O reap - ers! then en - ter the field! And save for the

sick - le to - day: The sha - dows are fall - ing, and
win - ter be - gin; The Hus - band-man asks, what the
Mas - ter His grain: For i - dle - ness sure - ly to

soon comes the night, Bear the sheaves to the gar - ner a - way.
work so be - lates: O then, come, and the sheaves gather in.
you can but yield A sad har - vest of sor - row and pain.

Chorus.

Reap - ers, reap - ers, great your re-ward, When life's la - bors are done:

At the last day, day of the Lord, Shin-ing for aye as the sun.

COME, SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT.

STANLEY H. PARKER. **No. 94.** EDWARD H. PHELPS.

Molto animato. VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Come, sign the pledge and don the blue, Come, men, and do the
2. Let homes re - joice with hope and love, Let ev' - ry heart be
3. Fear not to stand and be a man, Come, bat - tle with your
4. Then vic - to - ry shall crown each brow With glo - ry new and

right; And with God's help you'll keep it true, Come, sign the pledge to-night!
light; For God is smil-ing from above, Come, sign the pledge to-night!
might; Against the foe we'll lead the van, Come, sign the pledge to-night!
bright; These honors rich are of - fered now, Come, sign the pledge to-night!

Chorus.

f *ff*

Come on, men! Come on, men! Come! Come! Come! Come,

ff

sign the pledge to-night, my boys, Oh sign the pledge to-night!

By permission.

95. NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.

"And the building of the wall of it was jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21 : 18.

Rev. A. B. Atchison. O. F. Presbrey. *Arr.* J. W. Bischoff.

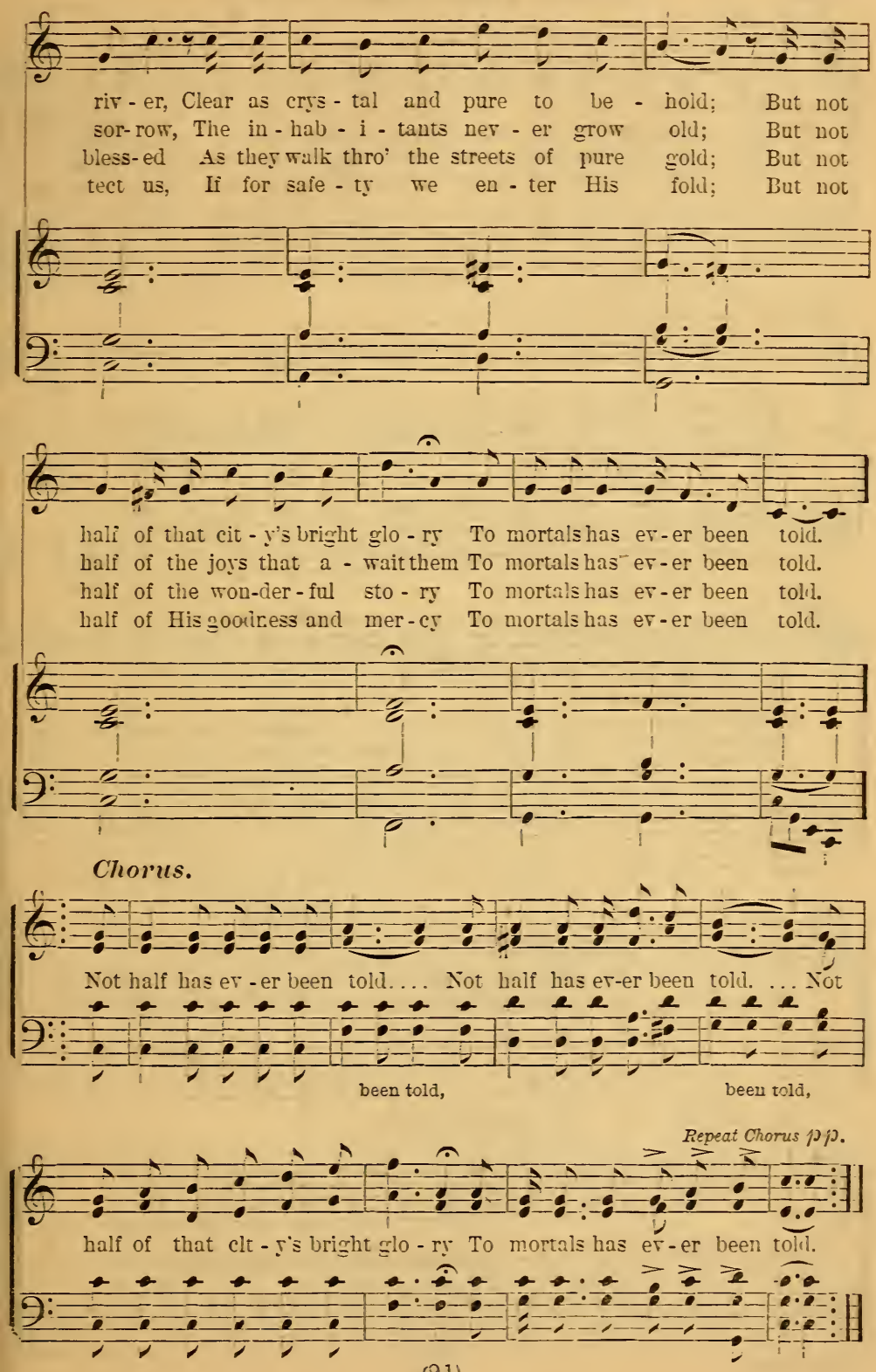
1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the Sav-iour has
3. I have read of white robes for the right-eous, Of bright crowns which the
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin-ners may

king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its
gone to pre - pare; Where the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest for -
glo - ri - fied wear, When our Fa-ther shall bid them "Come en- ter, And my
ask and re - ceive Peace and par-don from ev - 'ry transgres-sion, If when

streets are all gold - en and broad. In the midst of the street is life's
ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no sin ev - er en - ters, nor
glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the right-eous are ev - er more
ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have read how He'll guide and pro -

By permission.

NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.—Concluded.



No. 96. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

ANON. "We will go by the King's highway."—NUM. 20 : 17. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Where-ev-er you may be, What-ev-er you may see, That would lead you in-to e-vil, say you "Nay, say you Nay, I will not turn a-side What-ev-er may be-tide; I'll keep a-long
2. The meadows may be green Where by-path stile is seen; Turn a-side, the lit-tle flow-ers seem to say; seem to say, Be sure you take no heed, They're try-ing to mis-lead; Just keep a-long
3. For, on en-chant-ed ground There's danger all a-round, And a thous-and pleas-ant voi-ces bid you stay; bid you stay; With fin-gers stop your ears, And nev-er mind their jeers; Just keep a-long
4. Our God will give us light, And, walk-ing in the light, We shall win a crown of glo-ry in the day, in the day When Je-sus calls his own To-geth-er round the throne Who kept a-long

D. S. *ev-er you may be, What-ev-er you may see, Just keep a-long*

Chorus.

the mid-dle of the King's high-way." The King's high-way, the *the mid-dle of the King's high-way.*

D. S.

King's highway. Oh, turn a-side from eve-ry thing that leads astray; *Where-*

By permission.

DO THE ANGELS REJOICE OVER THEE.

No. 97.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. — E. S. LORENZ.

1. There's new rapture in heav'n a - gain; Oh listen, how sweet is the strain!
2. They're tell - ing their rapture a - far, 'Tis wafted from star un - to star:
3. Lord, teach us on earth here the song, The praises so sweet they prolong;

f.

"A lost sin - ner for - giv - en, Now has ti - tle to heaven, Thro' the
"All his sins he's for - sak - en, And the Saviour he's ta - ken: He shall
Oh, teach us the e - vangels That are sung by the an - gels Round the

sins all for - giv-en? Hast thou ti - tle to heaven? Do the

Fine. **Chorus.**

blood of the Lamb that was slain."
reign where in glo - ry we are." Do the an - gels rejoice o - ver
throne, as in rap-ture they throng.

an - gels re-joice o - ver thee?

D. S.

thee? Do the an - gels re-joice o - ver thee? *Are thy*

By permission.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

No. 98. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10 : 13.

H. R. Palmer. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est. Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

Chorus.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

By permission.

No. 99. SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. 1869.

Vigorously, in march time.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all,

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on. Stand firm 'ev - ery one,
Must pre - vail: Shield and ban - ner bright Gleaming in the light,
By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,

Chorus. ff

Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.
Bat - tling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse then, sol - diers!
May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.

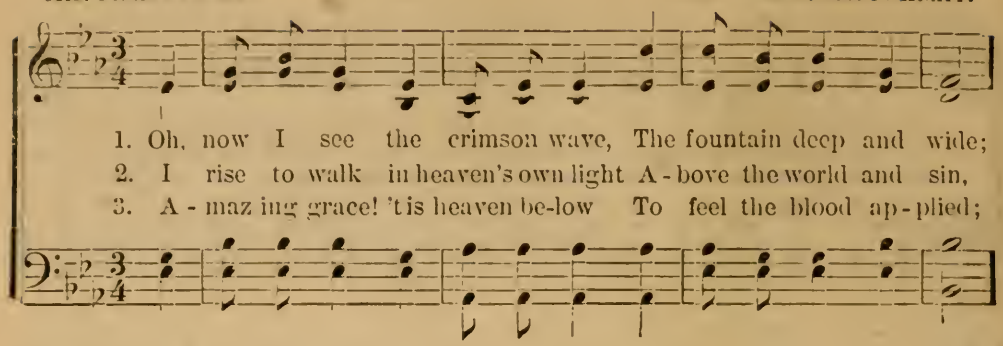
ral - ly round the ban-ner! Ready, steady, pass the word a - long; On-ward,

for-ward, shout a-loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap-tain of the mighty throng.

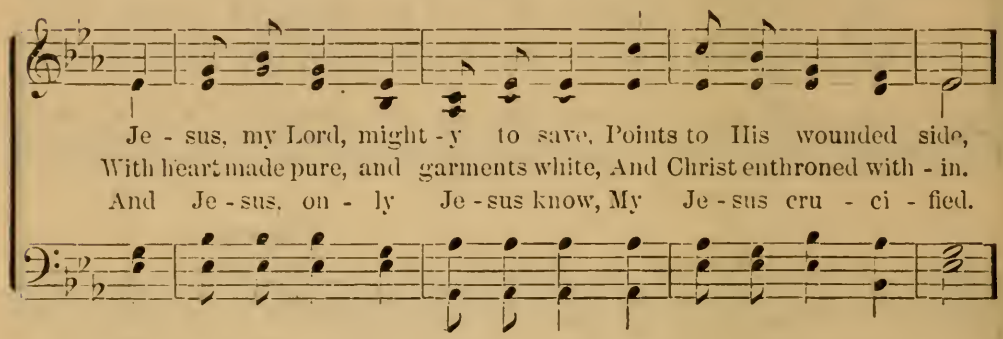
By permission.

No. 100. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

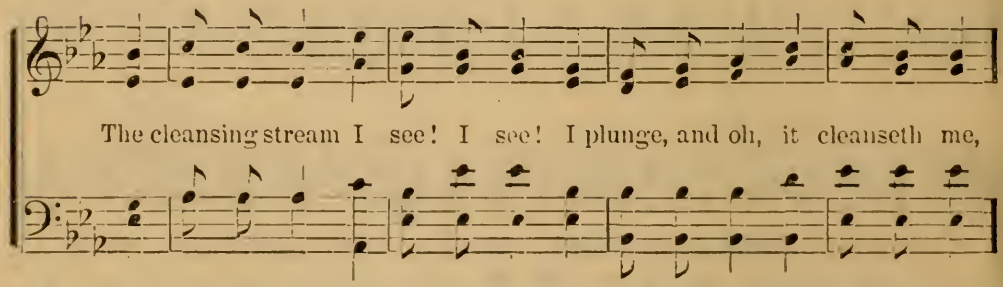


1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in heaven's own light A-bove the world and sin,
3. A-maz ing grace! 'tis heaven be-low To feel the blood ap-plied;

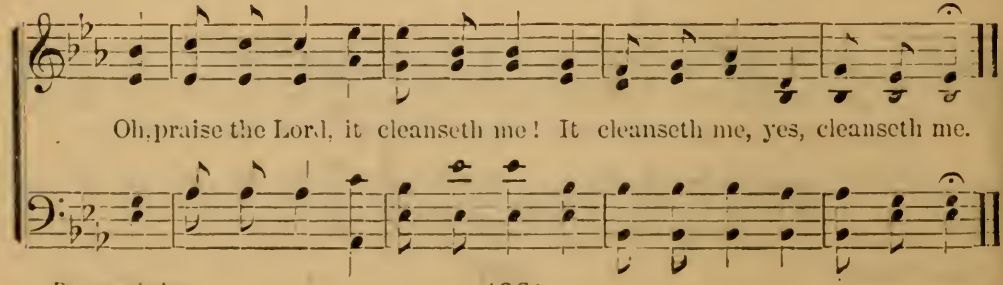


Je-sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side,
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

Chorus.



The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me,



Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

By permission.

No. 101. WONDERFUL GRACE.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL. "By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2 : 5. Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder - ful grace! This great sal-va - tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder - ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin:

The soul. de - liv - ered of its load In sweet - est rap - ture sings.
The power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.

Chorus.

'Tis grace!..... 'Tis grace!..... Won-der - ful, won-der - ful

'Tis won-der-ful grace! 'Tis wonder - ful grace!

grace!..... 'Tis grace!..... 'Tis grace!.....

won - der - ful grace! 'Tis won - der - ful grace! 'Tis won - der - ful grace!

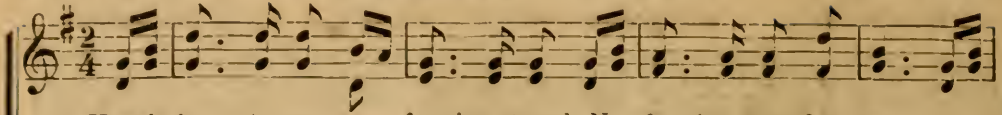
Flowing still freely for me.

3.

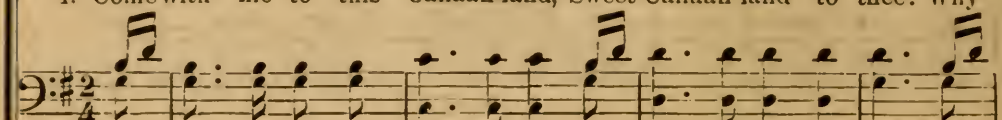
'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!
Its streams are full and free;
Are flowing now for all the race;
They even flow to me.

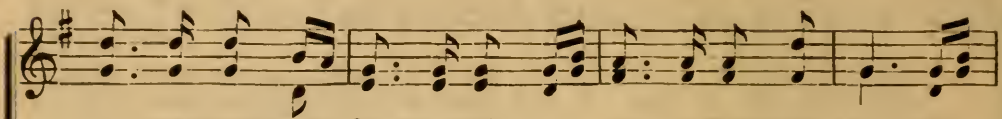
No. 102. SWEET CANAAN LAND.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. "A land flowing with milk and honey."—Josh. 5 : 6. J. E. Rankin.

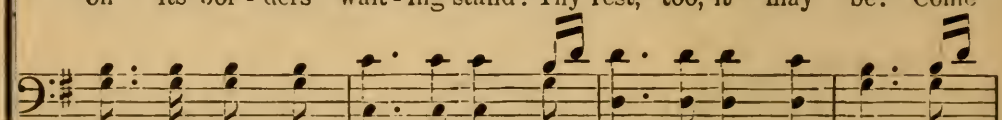


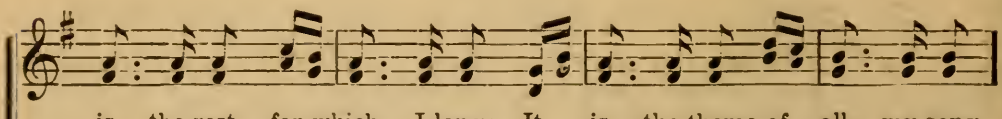
1. Heav'n is to me no for-eign strand, No for-eign strand to me; It
2. Heav'n is to me sweet Canaan land, Sweet Canaan land to me! Its
3. With milk and ho - ney flows that land, Sweet Canaan land to me! With
4. Come with me to this Canaan land, Sweet Canaan land to thee! Why



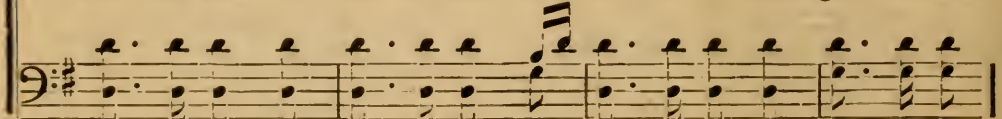


is my heart's sweet Canaan land, It is my home to be; It
mansions fair I see them stand, I see them stand for me; For
ver - dure fair its fields expand: Sweet Canaan land to me! My
on its bor - ders wait - ing stand? Thy rest, too, it may be: Come

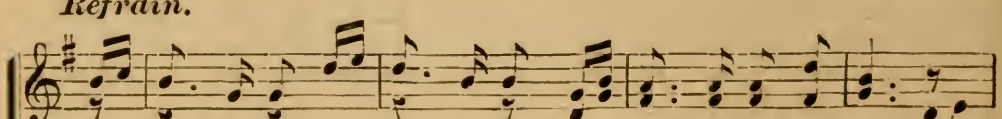




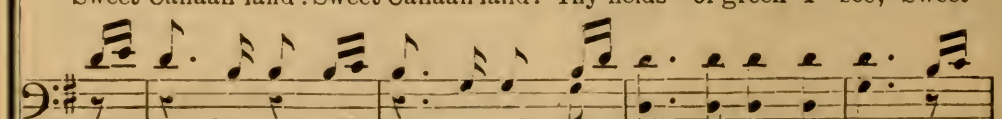
is the rest for which I long: It is the theme of all my song.
there before His Father's face, Je - sus for me prepares a place.
wand'rings and my sins all o'er: My soul's sweet rest for - ev - er-more.
with me, walk its fields so fair, Come, with me all its glo - ries share.



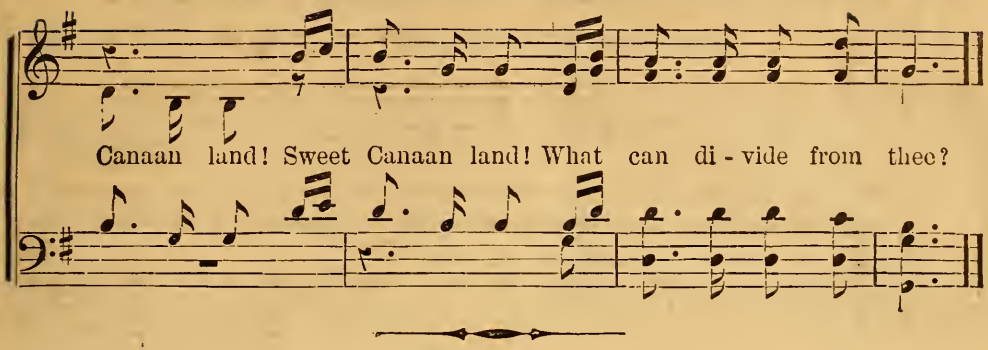
Refrain.



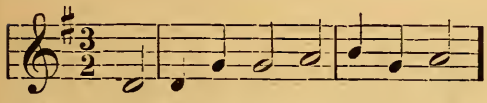
Sweet Canaan land! Sweet Canaan land! Thy fields of green I see; Sweet



SWEET CANAAN LAND.—Concluded.



103. SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.



1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger.
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger.

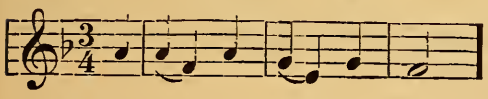
CHO.—For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever.
Our King says Come, and there's our home.
Forever! oh, forever!

REV. DAVID NELSON.

104. DENNIS. S. M.



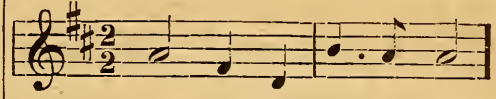
1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

105. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

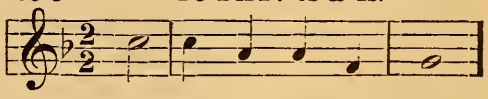


1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life: see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

106. TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.



1 To-day the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

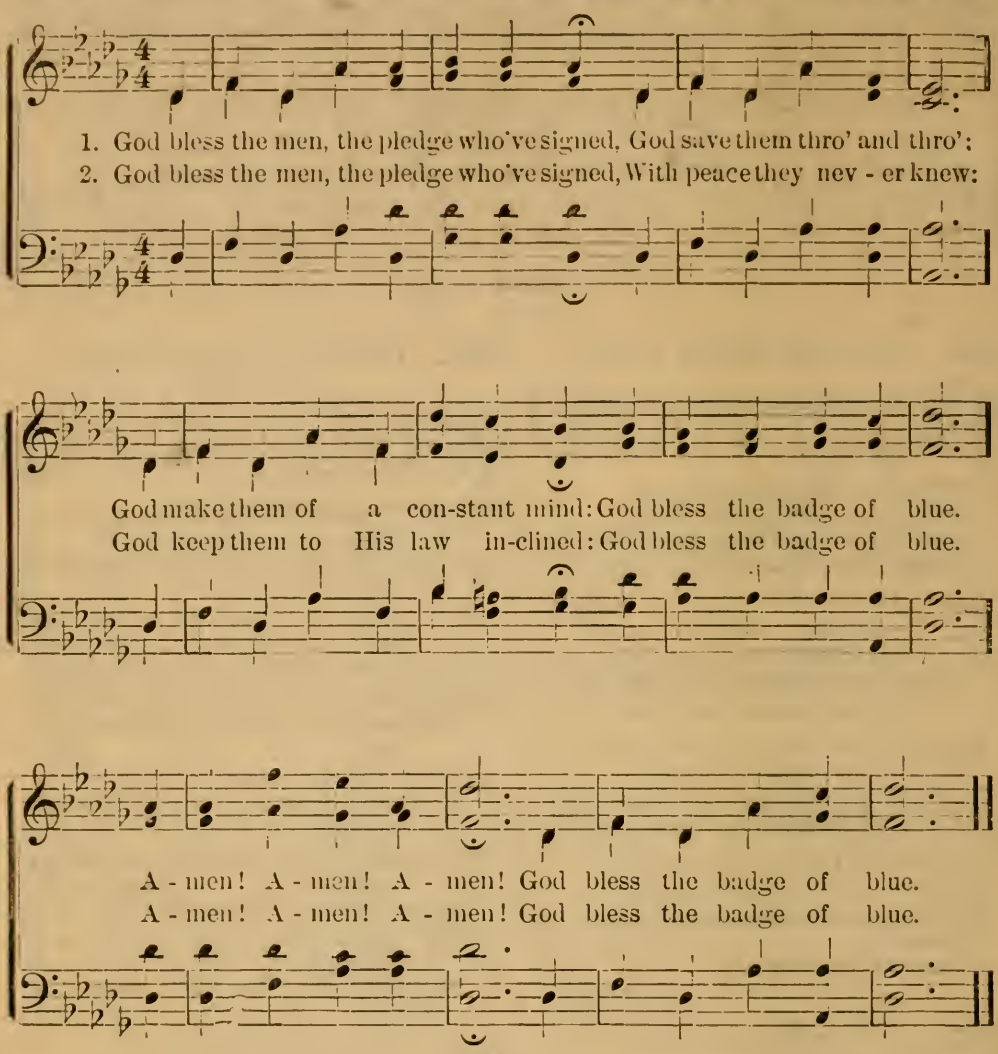
2 To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh,

3 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

REV. S. F, SMITH.

No. 107. GOD BLESS THE BADGE OF BLUE.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. "I give to him my covenant of peace."—Num. 25 : 12. J. E. Rankin.



3 God bless the men, the pledge who've signed,
His work, who can undo?
In Christ, full grace they'll ever find:
God bless the badge of blue.
Amen! Amen! Amen!
God bless the badge of blue!

4 God bless the men, the pledge who've signed,
My brother man, have you?
You'll see 'tis for your good designed:
God bless the badge of blue.
Amen! Amen! Amen!
God bless the badge of blue!

TRUST, OH TRUST YOUR FATHER.

No. 108. "Consider the lilies, how they grow."—MATT. 6 : 28.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. SILCHER.

1. Lo, the li - lies, how they grow, 'Neath Spring rains de-scend-ing;
2. Take no tho't what ye shall eat, Trou - ble do not bor-row;
3. Trust, oh, trust your Fa-ther's care, Liv - ing Bread He's giv - en;

'Tis your Fa - ther clothes them so, Their sweet gra - ces blend-ing:
He who gives all crea-tures meat, Will pro - vide to - mor-row:
Rai - ment, too, both white and fair, He pro - vides in heav - en:

Why, then, are ye full of care, Since His love is eve - ry-where?
He who hears the ra - ven's cry, Sure - ly can - not you de - ny,
He - will there His work com-plete, For the life is more than meat,

Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther, Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther.
Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther, Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther.
Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther, Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther.

109. BREAK IT GENTLY TO HIS MOTHER.

T. CORBEN, D.D. L. S. EDWARDS.

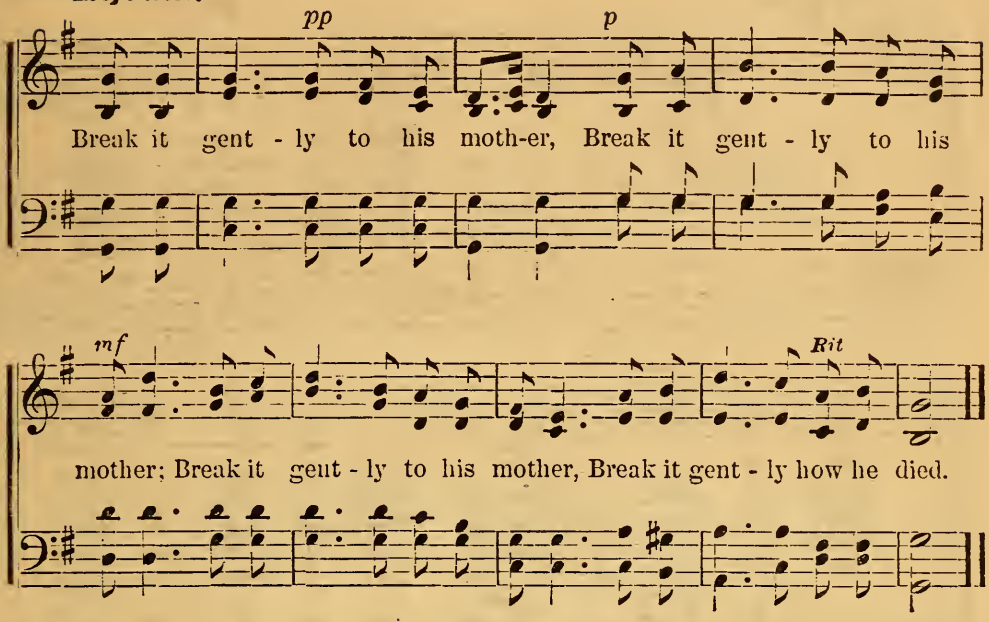
1. Break it gent - ly to his mother, How he died that cold, cold
2. Break it gent - ly to his mother, Ah! I know the sad, sad
3. Break it gent - ly to his mother! Cold, stone-cold his lone - ly

night; How no hu - man friend and brother Hovered near, and wept the
tale; Half the truth 'twere best to smother; Do not need - less lift the
bed: Ah! for him was there no oth - er? All a - round well-clad and

sight: How no sis - ter kindly nursed him—Minst'ring with a ten - der
veil: 'Tis no time for fruit-less chid-ings, 'Tis no time for scorn or
fed! There was none, a brother's keeper. Kneeling ten - der at his

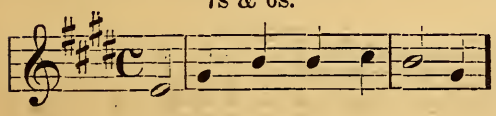
care: How the heartless spurn'd and cursed him, Left him in his lone de - spair.
pride: Gent-ly break the mournful tid - ings: Break it gent - ly how he died.
side: Lone and cold the sad, sad sleep-er: Break it gent - ly how he died.

Refrain.



110. MISSIONARY HYMN.

7s & 6s.



1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

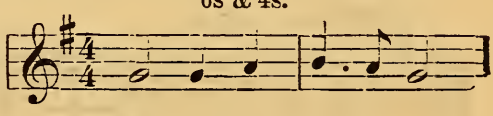
2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

111. HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

6s & 4s.



1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on ev'ry hand,
Heav'n is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

2 What tho' the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR.

No. 112. REFUGE.

"God is a refuge for us."—PSALMS, 62: 8

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. J. W. BISCHOFF.

Tenderly.

1. In the dark - est hour That my heart may know,
2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - pressed;
3. Poor and weak and wretched, Full of fears and woe,
4. Bound in cords of an-guish, By my sins dis - mayed;
5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion! Hope that sets me free!

Out of Sa - tan's pow - er. Whith - er shall I go?
Whith - er shall I journey? Whith - er seek for rest?
To be free from torment, Whith - er can I go?
Whith - er, then, ah, whith-er, Can I look for aid?
Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, Lo! I turn to Thee.

Chorus. *Cheerfully.*

f

To Je - sus! To Je - sus! On - ly un - to Je - sus, The

p *cres.*

Sav-iour so com-pas-sion-ate, The sin-ner's on - ly Friend, The

p *f*

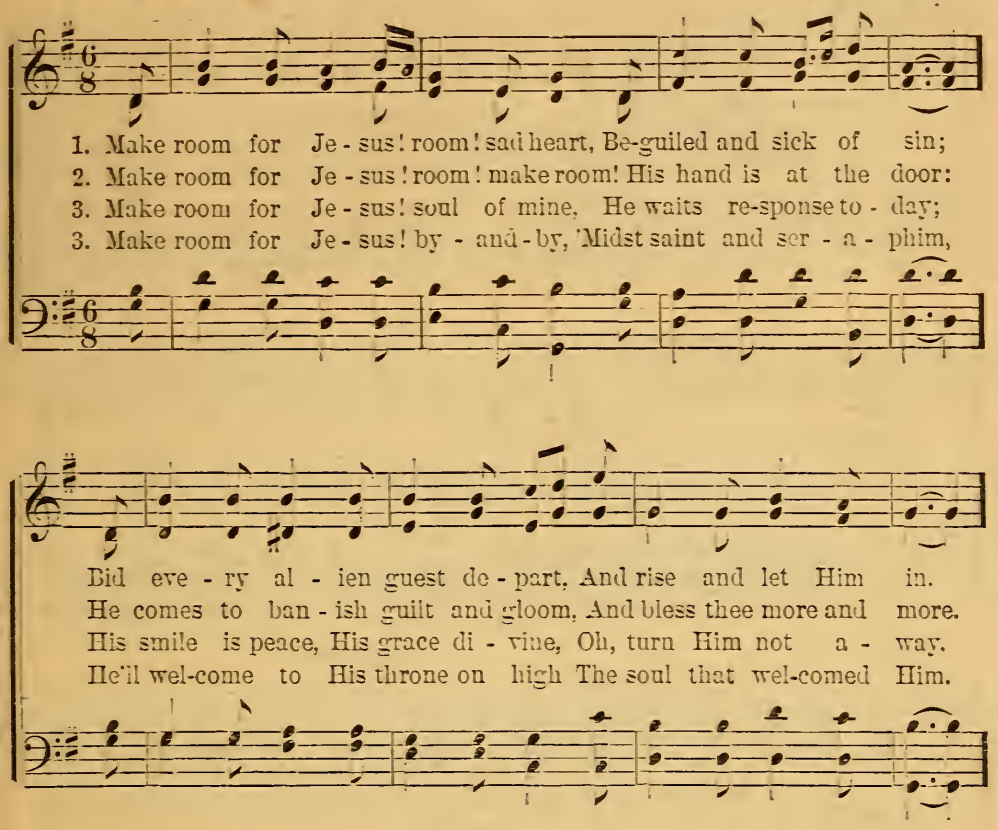
Saviour so com- pas-sion-ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.

By permission.

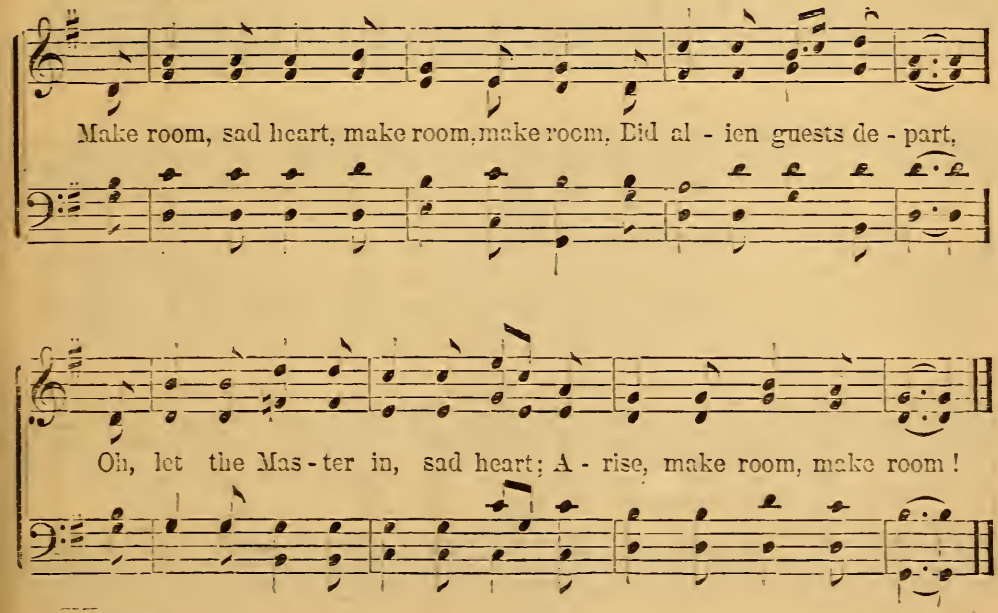
No. 113. MAKE ROOM FOR JESUS.

"There was no room for them at the inn."—LUKE 2 : 7.

Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK, D.D. WM. G. FISCHER.



Chorus.



By permission.

No. 114. TASTE NOT THE WINE.

"At the last it biteth like serpent and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. 23 : 32.

Rev. A. A. G. Rev. A. A. Graley.

1. Taste not, taste not the wine, Tho' it flows brightly, Moves it - self right-ly;
2. Health, wealth, friends and good name, Sober reflection, Ten - der af - fec - tion,
3. Woe, crime, pov-er - ty, strife, Sor - row and sad-ness, Hor-ror and mad-ness,

Strong drink no - bly re - sign; Wine is a mock - er, taste not the wine;
Home joys, vir - tue and fame, These are thy tro-phies, mer - ci - less wine;
Young hearts wea-ry of life— Lurk in the wine-cup—ban - ish the wine;

Chorus.

Wine is a mock - er, taste not the wine. Drink from the brook and the
These are thy tro - phies, mer - ci - less wine.
Lurk in the wine - cup—ban-ish the wine.

sil - ver rill, Drink from the rock in the leaf - y dell, Drink from the

buck - et that hangs by the well, Wa - ter, pure and free.

By Permission.

No. 115. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. "Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you hea-vy - hearted? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you grieving o - ver joys de - part-ed?
Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

Chorus.

Tell it to Je-sus a - lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

By permission.

No. 116. WILL HE COME?

An incident in Mr. Murphy's tale of "Real Life."

T. CORBEN, D.D. L. S. EDWARDS.

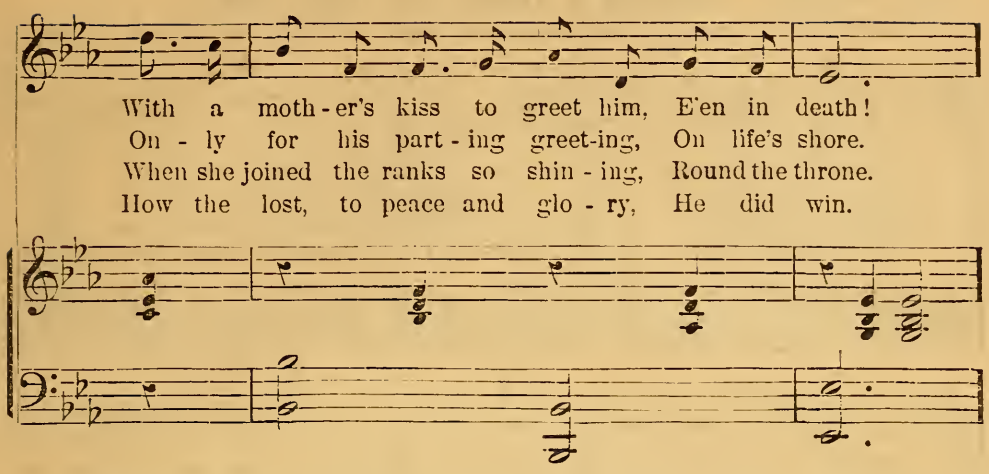
1. A fond moth-er, weak and dy-ing, On her bed was ly - ing lone;
2. She had come a-cross the o-cean, That she might be with him here;
3. But, a - las! that son, be-nighted, Could not meet his moth-er there;
4. Now, she waits him in those regions, That are al - ways fresh and fair:

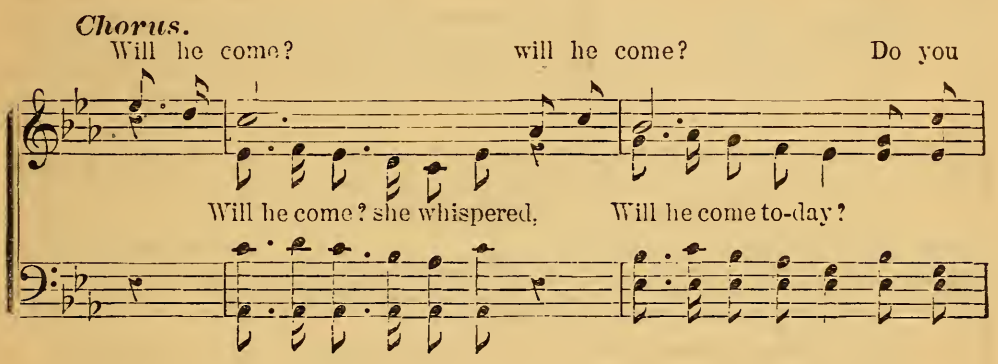
rit.

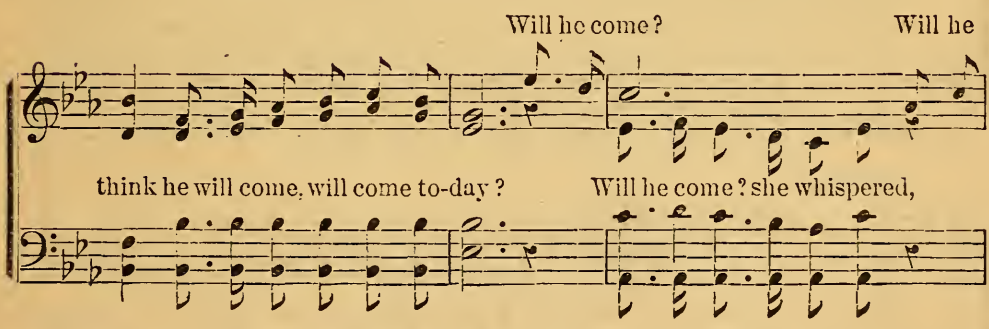
For her dear boy, she was sigh - ing, With sad moan. Yes, once
She had shown him her de - vo - tion, Strong and dear. Now it
For his life, with sin was blighted, And de - spair. He with -
Waits a - mid the ransomed le-gions, Gathered there. Ah, how

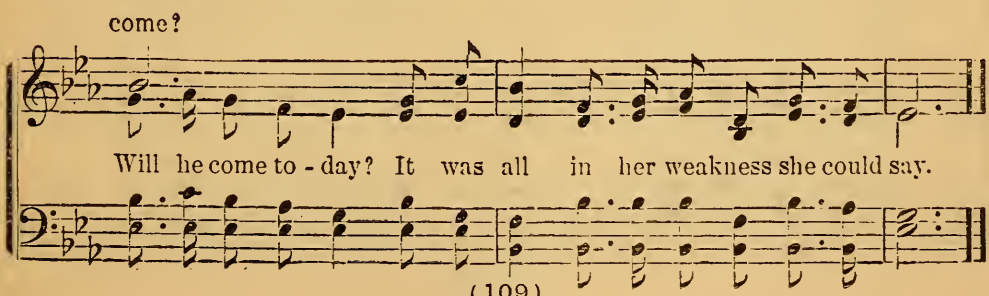
more she wished to meet him, Ere she breathed her part - ing breath;
seem'd she was but wait - ing, Ere she en - tered Heaven's door,
in a cell was pin - ing, Bro - ken-heart - ed and a - lone,
sweet to hear the sto - ry! How he broke the chains of sin;

WILL HE COME?—Concluded.



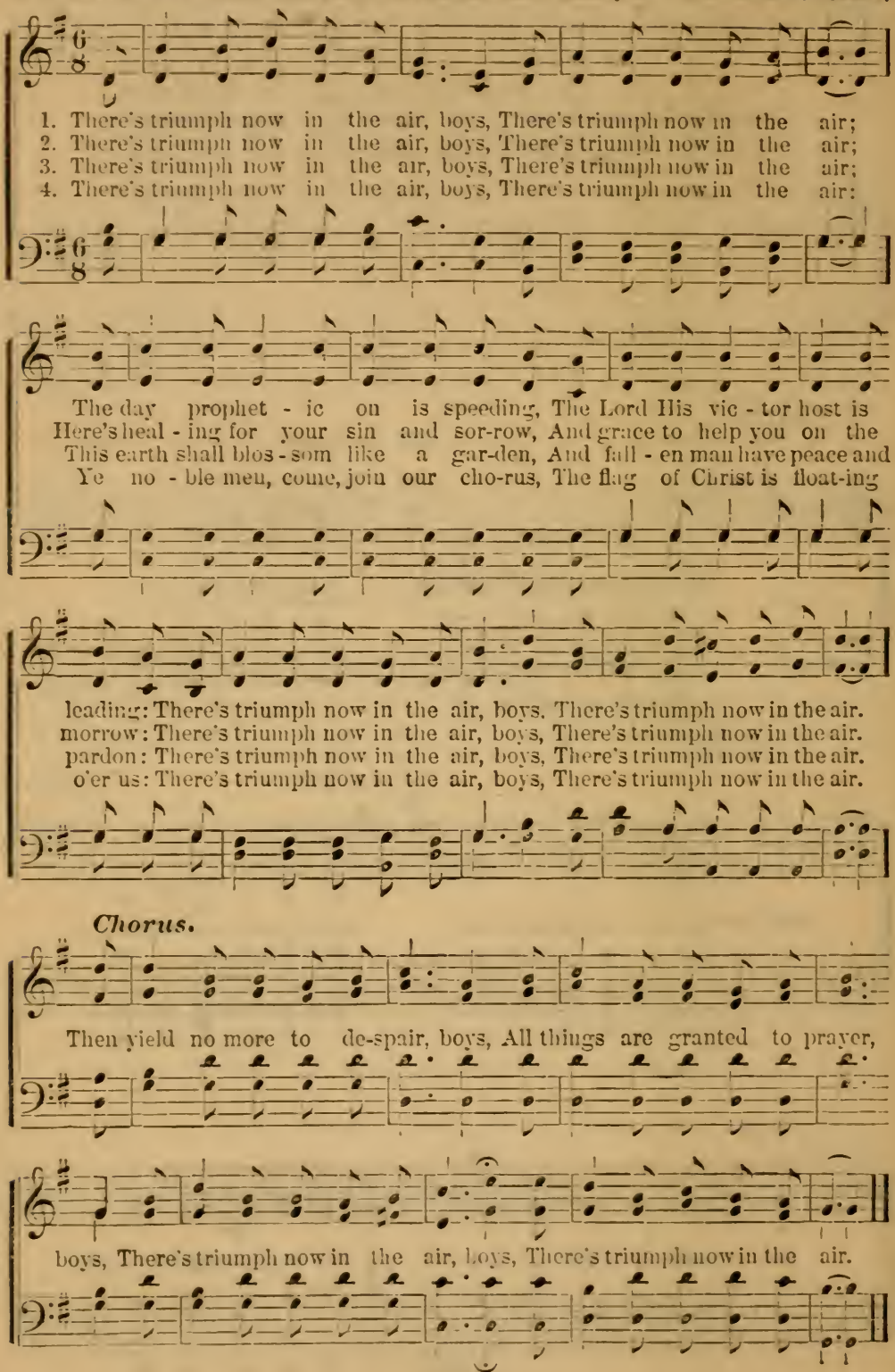






No. 117. TRIUMPH NOW IN THE AIR.

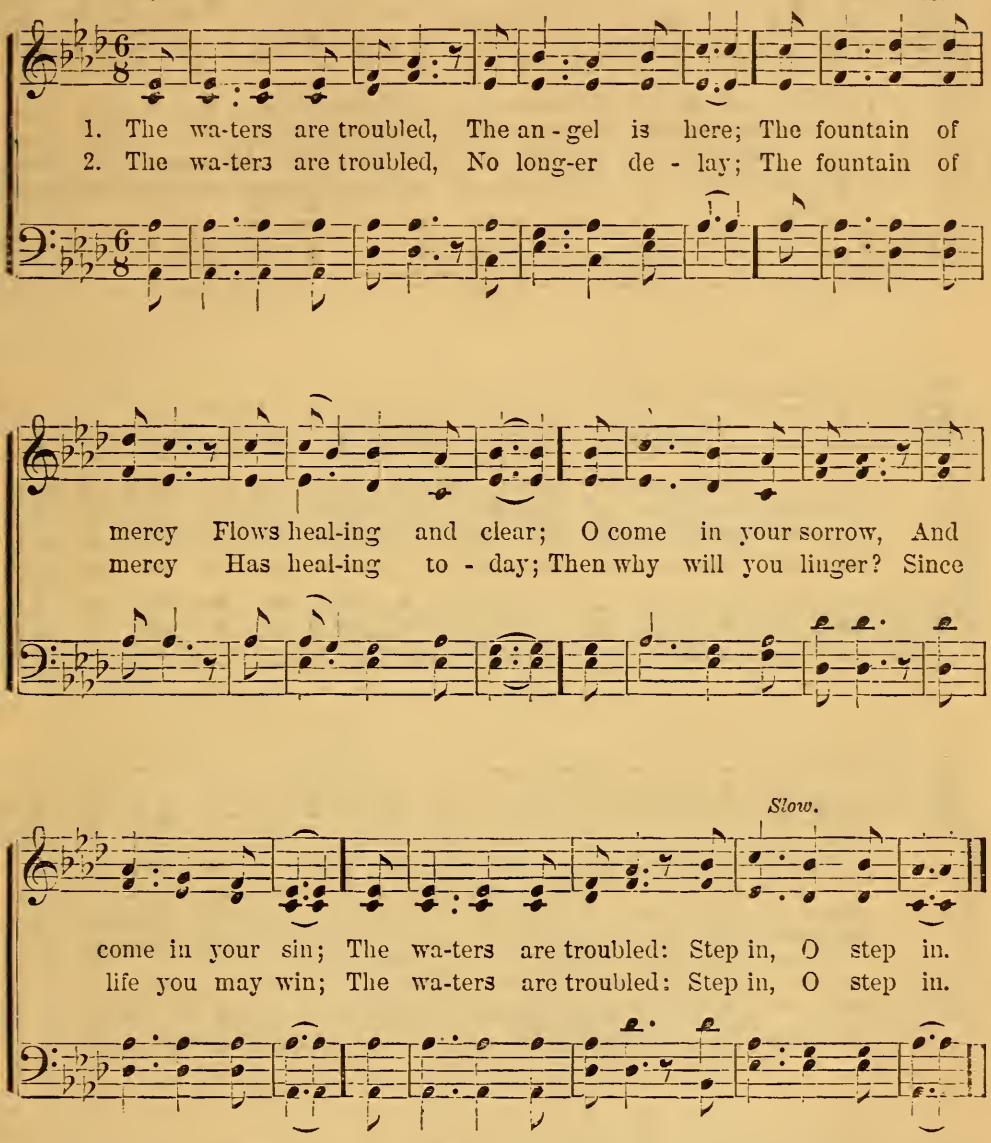
J. E. RANKIN, D.D. "Shout unto the Lord, with the voice of triumph."—Ps. 47 : 1. E. S. LORENZ.



No. 118. THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

"The angel troubled the water."—JOHN 5 : 4.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. Rev. S. MORRISON.



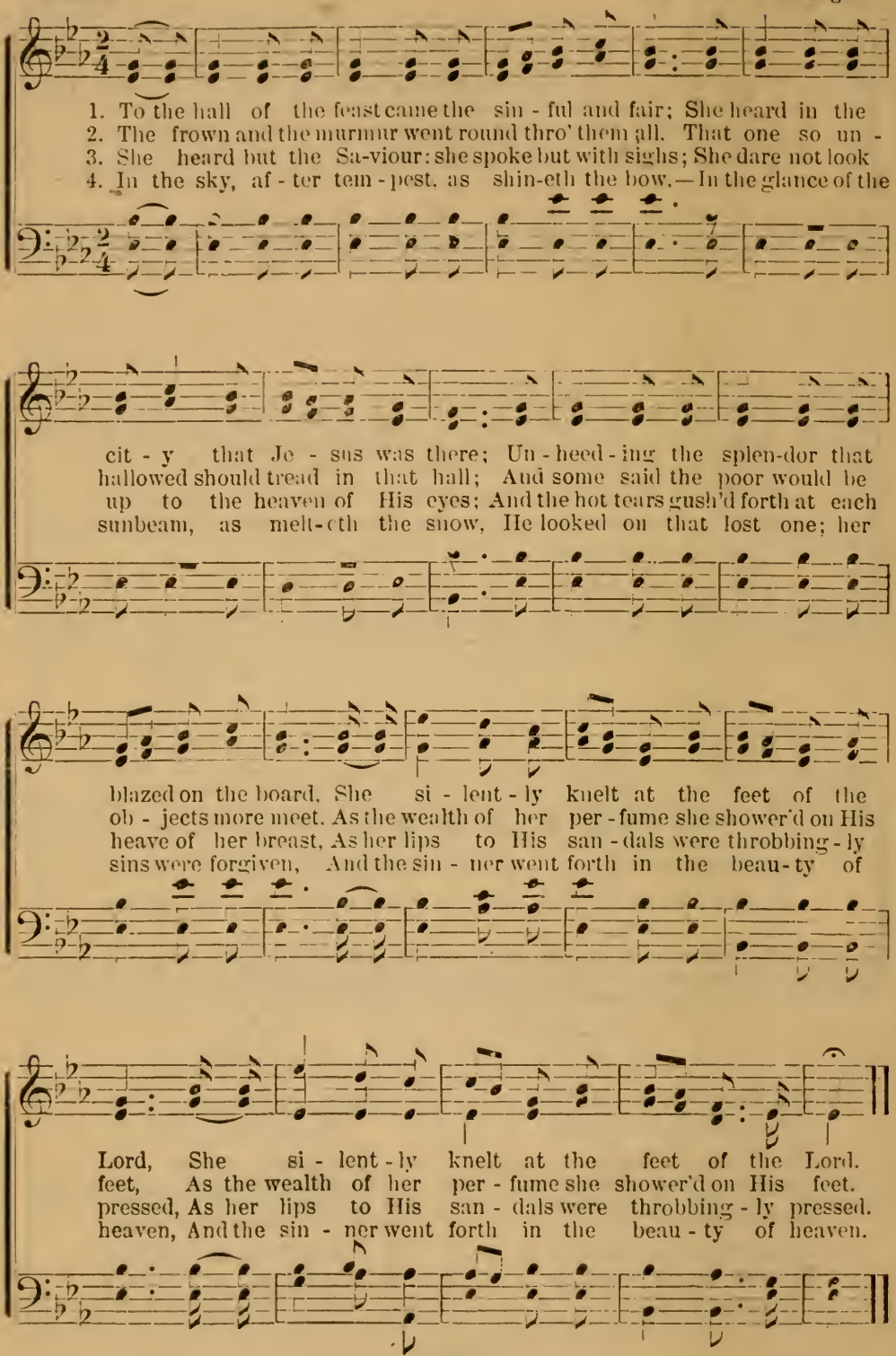
3 The waters are troubled!
The first will be healed;
The fountain of mercy,
Alas! may be sealed:
Another, before you,
Salvation may win:
The waters are troubled!
Step in, O step in!

4 The waters are troubled!
The angel still waits;
He pauses in peril
Who halts and debates:
Give over your falt'ring—
Your struggles within:
The waters are troubled!
Step in, O step in!

No. 119. A SINNER FORGIVEN.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7 : 48.

ENGLISH. Arranged.



No. 120. GOD BLESS THE HOME.

T. CORBEN. D.D. BISHOP.

1. God bless the home, tho' hum-ble, That smiles on us to-night; God
2. God bless the home, where nightly The songs of praise a-rise: Where
3. A-las! for homes, where sor-row, Like night must al-ways brood; Where

bless the lit-tle chil-dren, With their sweet fa-ces bright: God
all kneel round the al-tar, And of-fer sac-ri-fice. A-
chil-dren lack for cloth-ing, And for their dai-ly food: God

bless the moth-er ten-der, God bless the fa-ther too; God
las! for homes where nev-er Is heard the voice of pray'r; A-
bless the home He gives us, The home that gave us birth; God

make us fond and faith-ful; God keep us kind and true.
las! for homes, when Je-sus Is nev-er mentioned there! Home, Home,
keep us fond and faith-ful, And make it heav'n on earth.

sweet, sweet home, God bless the home, tho' humble, That smiles on us to-night.

No. 121. YET THERE IS ROOM.

Rev. H. Bonar. "Yet there is room."—Luke 14 : 22. Ira D. Sankey.

Slow, with expression.

1. Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song.
With its fair glo - ry, beck - ons thee a - long;
Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en - ter now!

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love: it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

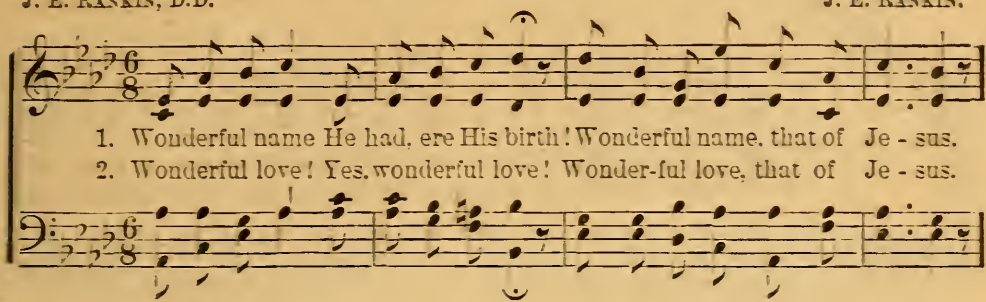
9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

By permission

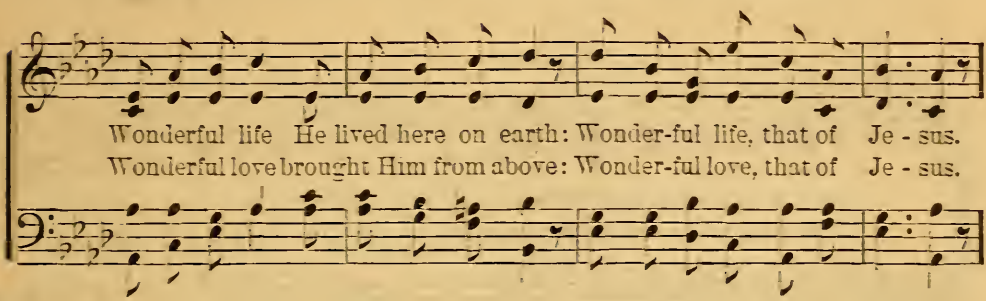
WONDERFUL NAME, THAT OF JESUS!

No. 122. "His name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9 : 6.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. J. E. Rankin.

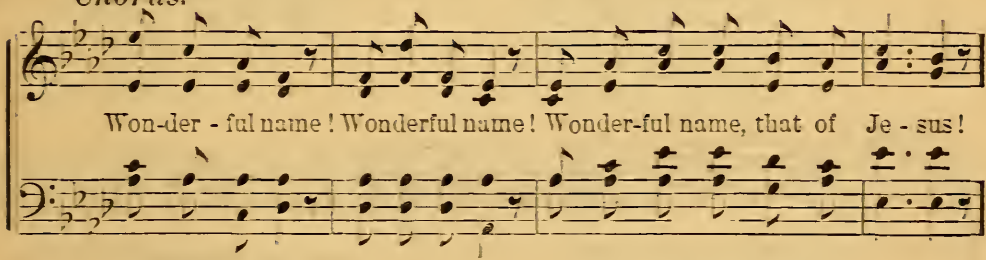


1. Wonderful name He had, ere His birth! Wonderful name, that of Je - sus.
2. Wonderful love! Yes, wonderful love! Wonder-ful love, that of Je - sus.

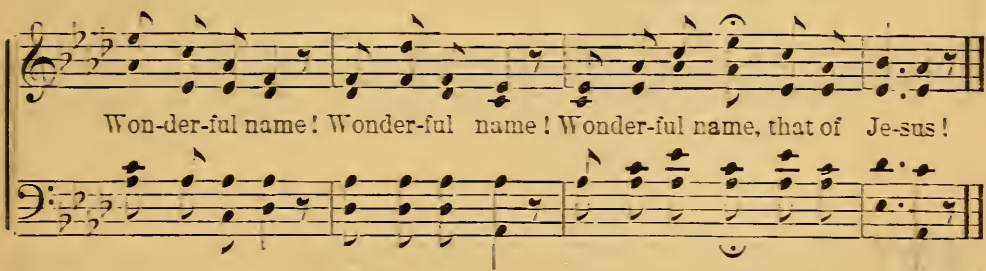


Wonderful life He lived here on earth: Wonder-ful life, that of Je - sus.
Wonderful love brought Him from above: Wonder-ful love, that of Je - sus.

Chorus.



Won-der - ful name! Wonderful name! Wonder-ful name, that of Je - sus!



Won-der-ful name! Wonder-ful name! Wonder-ful name, that of Je-sus!

3.
Wonderful things, I read in His Word:
Wonderful things, those of Jesus!
Things which before, no mortal had heard:
Wonderful things, those of Jesus!

4.
Wonderful deeds of healing He wrought!
Wonderful deeds, those of Jesus!
Wonder peace, to mortals He brought:
Wonderful peace, that of Jesus!

5.
Wonderful death, for sinners He died!
Wonderful death, that of Jesus!
Wounded His hands, His feet and His side:
Wonderful death! that of Jesus!

6.
Wonderful crowns He wears on His throne!
Wonderful crowns, those of Jesus!
Crowns which He won, when dying alone:
Wonderful crowns, those of Jesus!

IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

No. 123.

"Son, remember."—LUKE 15 : 25.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. J. W. BISCHOFF.

Rather slow.

1. I sat a - lone with life's mem - o - ries In sight of the crys-tal sea;
2. I thought me then of my childhood days, The prayer at my mother's knee :

And I saw the thrones of the star-crown'd ones, With never a crown for me.
Of the counsels grave that my father gave—The wrath I was warned to flee;

f

And then the voice of the Judge said, "Come," Of the Judge on the great white throne;
I said, "Is it then to late, too late? Shut without, must I stand for aye?

And I saw the star-crowned take their seats, But none could I call my own.
And the Judge, will He say, "I know you not," How-e'er I may knock and pray?

IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.—Concluded.

3.

I thought, I thought of the days of God
I'd wasted in folly and sin— [knock'd,
Of the times I'd mock'd when the Saviour
And I would not let Him in.
I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made
When I lay at death's dark door—
"Would He spare my life, I'd give up the strife,
And serve Him forever more."

4.

I heard a voice, like the voice of God—
"Remember, remember, my son!
Remember thy ways in the former days,
The crowns that thou might'st have won!" [on,
I thought, I thought and my thoughts ran
Like the tide of a sunless sea—
"Am I living or dead?" to myself I said,
"An end is there ne'er to be?"

5.

It seemed as though I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away.
I then became as a little child,
And I wept, and wept afresh:
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

6.

Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And think of the crystal sea; [ones;
And I see the thrones of the star-crowned
I know there's a crown for me.
And when the voice of the Judge says "Come,"
Of the Judge on the great white throne
I know mid the thrones of the star-crowned ones
There's one I shall call my own.

No. 124. COME TO JESUS.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 He will hear you, etc.
7 He will cleanse you, etc.
8 He'll renew you, etc.
9 He'll forgive you, etc.
10 If you trust Him, etc.
11 He will save you, etc.

No. 125. THE OLD, OLD STORY.

1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child:
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
CHO.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.
2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

No. 126. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 127. WHERE DO YOU JOURNEY?

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

Solo. S. J. VAIL.

1. Oh! where do you journey, my brother. Oh! where do you journey, I pray?
2. Oh! what is your mission, my brother, Oh! what is your mission be - low?
3. Oh! yes you will meet us, my brother, God keep us from weakness and sin;

And where do you journey, my sis - ter? For stormy and dark is the way;
And what is your mission, my sis - ter, As jour-neying onward we go?
And bear-ing the cross, we, my sis - ter, The crown will endeavor to win;

Duet.

We're journeying onward to Ca-naan, Thro' suff'ring and tri- al and care;
Our mis-sion is prac - ticing mer-cy, Sweet char- i - ty, patience, and love,
We'll walk thro' the vale and the shadow, Thro' suff'ring, and tri- al, and care;

And when we get safe - ly to glo-ry, Oh! say, shall we meet you all there?
And foll'wing the footsteps of Je- sus That lead to the mansions a - bove.
And when you get safe - ly to glo-ry, You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there.

Chorus.

Oh! say, shall we meet you all there? Oh! say, shall we meet you all there?

And when we get safe- ly to glo - ry, Oh! say shall we meet you all there?

By permission.

No. 128. GLIDING DOWN LIFE'S RIVER.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day."—Jno. 9 : 4.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. E. Rankin.

1. In this world of sin and ru - in, Glid - ing down Life's ri - ver,

There is work we must be do - ing; Glid-ing down Life's riv- er: Ev' - ry

day, there's something new, Which the Lord would have us do: Work for

rit. pp.

me, and work for you, Gliding down Life's riv-er, Gliding down Life's river.

2 We must lift the Cross above us!
Gliding down Life's river:
We must work for those who love us,
Gliding down Life's river;
We must early toil and late;
Must obey, and not debate;
We must pray, and we must wait,
Gliding down Life's river:

3 We must raise our fallen brother,
Gliding down Life s river:
We must help and cheer, each other:
Gliding down Life's river;
Where the weak or tempted stand,
We must heed our Lord's command:
We must lend a helping hand,
Gliding down Life's river!

4 We must never faint nor falter,
Gliding down Life's river:
What if come, or cross, or halter,
Gliding down Life's river?
Let the world make its ado,
To our Lord, we must be true;
Must be Christian through and thro',
Gliding down Life's river.

5 We must soothe the sick and sighing,
Gliding down Life's river!
We must point to Christ the dying,
Gliding down Life s river!
We must keep the goal in view:
Must our Master's steps pursue;
We must do, what He would do,
Gliding down Life's river.

No. 129. ROUND THE CAPTAIN, CLOSE UP.

J. E. RANKIN. "I have given Him for a Leader unto the people."—Is. 55 : 4. J. W. BISCHOFF.

In strict time.

1. See ye not the hos-tile le-gions Must'ring near, and must'ring far?
2. Hark! I hear the bat-tle's thun-der, Breaking all a-long the line!
3. Christian men, O do not fal-ter, Day will dawn, so long fore-told:

Have ye sworn your Lord al-le-giance? Fol-low ye His fortune's star?
Will they tear our hosts a-sun-der? Lo! I see His standard shine!
Lay yourselves up-on God's al-tar, It will bring the age of gold;

p

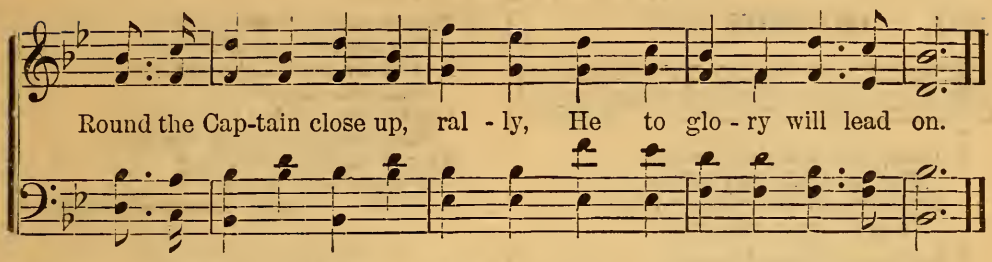
Men are faint-ing, men are dy-ing, Ebbs and flows the bat-tle tide;
He is walk-ing on war's sur-ges, As of old. up-on the sea;
Ev-ery fet-ter shall be bro-ken, Ev-'ry cap-tive come forth free;

Forward, then, on Christ re-ly-ing, Glo-ry to the Cru-ci-fied.
From the smoke the Cross e-mer-ges. Then the shout of vic-to-ry.
For the Lord Him-self hath spo-ken: And ful-filled His word shall be.

Chorus.

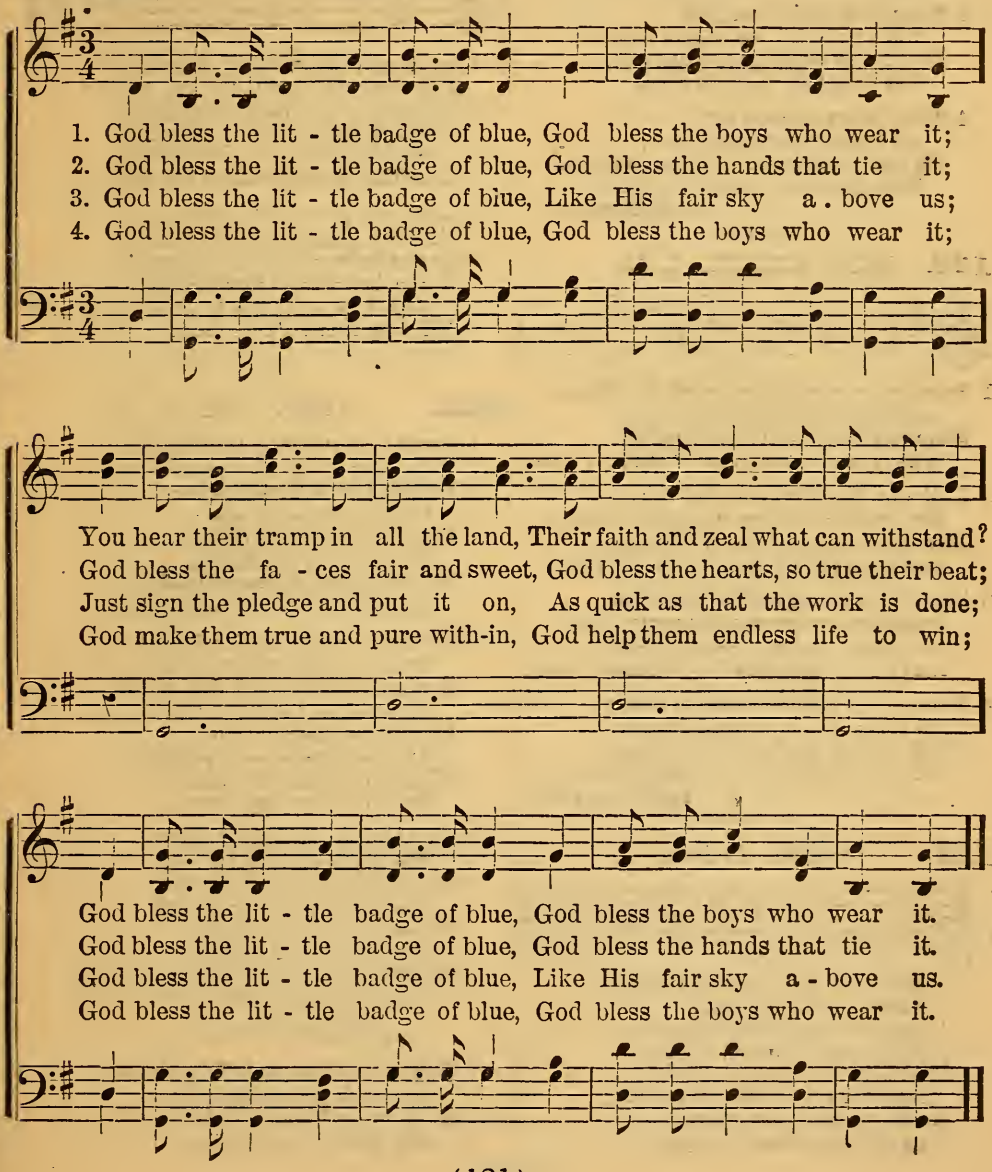
Up and onward, do not dal-ly, Nev-er thus was bat-tle won;

ROUND THE CAPTAIN, CLOSE UP.—Concluded.



130. GOD BLESS THE LITTLE BADGE OF BLUE.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. "Put on a ribbon of blue."—NUM. 15 : 38. GERMAN.



131. BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

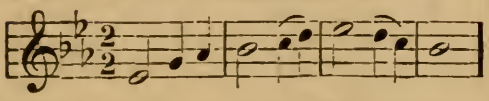
2 He bows His gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest
"Why should we longer wait?"
He bids us never give Him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, He hears, and from on high
Will make our cause His care.

JOHN NEWTON.

132. DUKE STREET. L. M.



1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

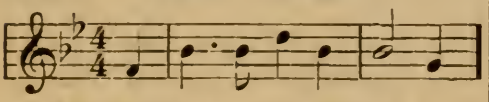
2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in immortal grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

133. WEBB. 7s & 6s.

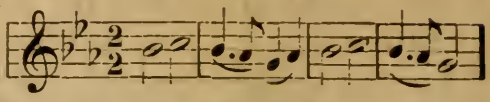


1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round;
All "Hallelujah" swelling
In one eternal sound.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1822.

134. SICILY. 8s & 7s.



1 Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us, oh, refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence, may Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

135. WEBB. 7s & 6s.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

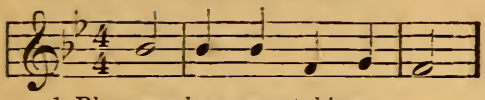
2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

BALERMA. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

136. LENOX. H. M.



1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest;
Ye mourning souls be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

---

137. LENOX. H. M.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears
Before the throne my Surety stands,
‖:My name is written on his hands:‖

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

---

138. WILL YOU GO?

1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above;
‖: Will you go?:‖
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
‖: Will you go?:‖
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Annointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road;
‖: Will you go?:‖

2 We're going to walk the plains of light;
‖: Will you go?:‖
Far, far from curse and death and night;
‖: Will you go?:‖
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then thall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
‖: Will you go?:‖

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
‖: Will you go?:‖
Repent, believe, be born again;
‖: Will you go?:‖
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up your cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see;"
‖: Will you go?:‖

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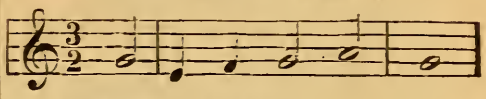
139. BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear from earth my soul away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take
And seal me ever Thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all Thy weight of love.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

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140. BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our eyes be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye

2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see,
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
There is no weeping there.

---

141. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

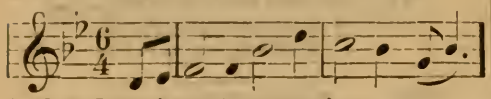
1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed. CHO.

3 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. CHO.

142. CROSS AND CROWN. C.M.

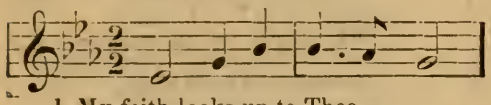


1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

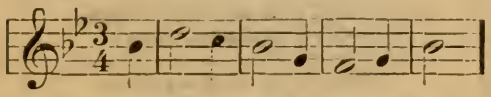
143. OLIVET. 6s & 4s.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

144. BALERMA. C. M.



1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

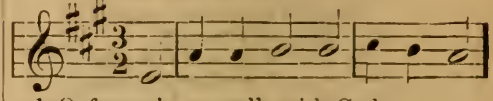
3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I shall forever die.

REV. EDMUND JONES.

145. AZMON. C. M.



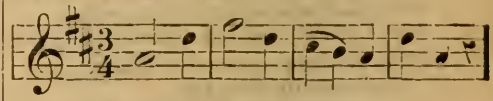
1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

146. RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



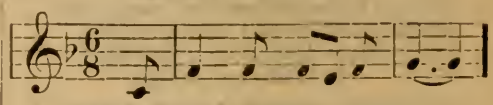
1 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

SIR JOHN BOWRING

147. LEBANON. S. M. D.



1 I was a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled.

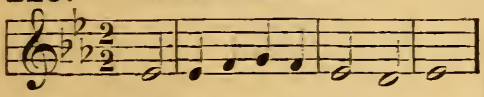
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone,
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my shepherd is:
'Twas He that loved my soul:
'Twas He that washed me in His blood.
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

DR. H. BONAR.

148. UXBRIDGE. L. M.



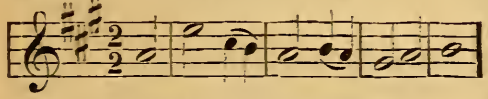
1 Lord I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine would I be,
And own thy sov'reign right to me.

1 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost from God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4 Thine would I live, Thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity:
The vow is passed beyong repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

REV. SAMUEL DAVIES.

149. STEPHENS. C. M.



1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

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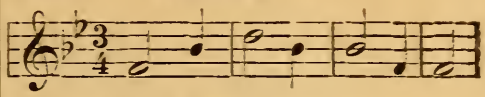


1 Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound;
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD, 1825.

151. STATE STREET. S. M.

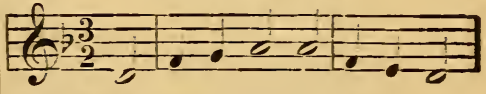
1 My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when Thou art here
If Thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of Thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in Thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

152. WINDHAM. L. M.



1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound—
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

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